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MONT DORE, FRANCE.

WHERE IT IS—ITS VALUE TO SINGERS—HOW TO GET THE MOST OF THESE VALUES.

No. 1.

MONT DORE is twelve hours' ride from Paris, down toward mid-France, 50 francs (\$10) worth, first class; 35 francs second class, which is equally desirable with the first.

Like a cluster of flowers around a rich blossom a village gathered itself about a cluster of mineral springs, incomparable in their beneficial effect upon all parts of the body connected with breathing, singing, speaking, &c.

The institution is Roman. Ruins of the Caesar epoch led to its discovery and re-establishment by the French during the First Empire. Between these two epochs the waters were used only by a few pilgrims, who, journeying weeks through the roadless mountains to reach them, partook of them according to instinct, without knowledge or medical guidance.

French art has been true to itself in their renaissance, in erecting a superb establishment of Roman design, utilizing all the discovered ruins in the restoration, and guarding intact two original grottoes used by the Romans. Solid granite pillars from the adjacent Vosges, artistic tilings, palms, trellised and flowering plants, shrouding the inventions of modern science, make of this the most complete and remarkable thermal resort in Europe.

Mont Dore, though little known to Americans, is the clou of the French artistic and social summer resorting, as are Saratoga and Richfield Springs in America. Its fame among musicians especially has led to the study of it in this paper.

The village itself swings like a hammock between superb ranges of mountain peaks; terraced amphitheatres in shaded greens of all conceivable variety, the turquoise ceiling vaulted overhead. Great cloud shadows swimming in sunlight and in moonlight, like moods over the soul of a poet, paint the landscape into endless variety the year round.

Like monster gateways let down from heaven to block escape at either end of the village, stand two majestic, implacable peaks of green, either of which, being reached, lets out upon a limitless vista of perspective in compound curve, rolling and swelling, smiling, sulking, frowning, weeping, meek, menacing, majestic; green fading into yellow, yellow into brown, brown into gray, gray into pale blue, and still the compound curve beyond echoing to the eye again and again, in invisible swellings, away out into eternity.

The whole is swept incessantly by air like wine that has been concentrated and flung to the winds, clear, pure, rich, sustaining, never wet or heavy, never clammy or low, rarely ever still.

Smiling meadows topped by bangs of pines, rocky terraces fringed in trees, natural walls guarding delicious promenades outlined by grazing herds and paved by nature, flowers of every conceivable color and design leading to snow, jealous jungles where one does not care to penetrate, grass, shrubs, heathers and fragrant thymes, vary the face of these monster terraces, the whole coursed by innumerable streams, rivers and cascades, like tears streaming over the rugged face of a giant. The diversified rushings mingling with the swish of the trees echo

through the vast solitude like blended souvenirs of hope and remorse through the soul.

As if ashamed to impose its petty puffings and strivings on such a scene, the railroad train has not yet penetrated to Mont Dore, but progress is steadily coaxing and beckoning to it to come, and construction is already planned. Meantime the ride from the station, mounting ever in cork-screw windings through the delicious sceneries, makes of the two hours a wonder dream. The air grows clearer and lighter each minute, humidity, dust and suffocation disappear, and an average of 3,500 feet above sea level is reached, while many of the punctuating peaks, really belonging to the Alpine zone, reach 5,000 and 6,000 feet.

The average temperature in summer is 65°, shading from intense heat at times at mid-day to fresh breezes morning and evening. This even temperature, the high altitude, the purity of the air, and the abundance of mountain promenades of all desirable types from gentleness to ferocity, make of Mont Dore the most favorable of retreats for the treatment of matters pertaining to breathing and vocalization, and would make of it a "cure," even without the marvelous springs which form the clou of the place as a health resort.

In Paris we Americans become water soaked! literally saturated with humidity like potatoes in a wet cellar!

The incessant rains, winter and summer, the total ignorance of hygienic laws among the citizens, doctors and all, the lack of ventilation and abundance of foul air everywhere, public and private, night and day, the negligence of housekeepers in never providing heating apparatus until we have suffered and shivered around in cold, damp rooms and halls two months of the late fall, the impossibility of heating rooms evenly, and the nefarious habit of heating the house in spots to save expense, these things, with endless draughts under doors and windows, stale, hot theatre air, the use of open hacks through chilly, wet months, the waiting for omnibuses, the compulsory riding on their roofs in order to reach lessons and rehearsals, and the utter lack of intelligent care when sick, create pitfalls for health in Paris, pitfalls especially open to people accustomed to luxury, comfort, intelligent hygiene and a dry, clear atmosphere, as are the Americans.

Like the cellar potatoes our respiratory organs all sprout, interminable troubles set in, lessons and work are continually interrupted, general health becomes undermined under the slightest strain of work or worry, and down we go toward the borderland of consumption in a way that no American friend or parent has any idea of. I have known over 900 musical students in Paris; I have not known a dozen whose respiratory organs were not affected in some way by a season or two in Paris, shown in the disposition to take cold, sore throat, hoarseness, sudden absence of voice, dullness of tone, oppression on the chest, and touches of bronchial trouble here and again, when weeks are lost in bed. For once caught with one of these things in Paris, there is no getting out from under it, the surrounding conditions are so unfavorable. Colds which seem to "come and go" leave their effect, each one; a succession of them produces an invalid with clogged vocal tubes. Tinkering with local physicians is sufficient to make one go mad or dead, certainly bankrupt, without benefit. Letting things go is certain menace or disaster to career.

The practical application of the Mont Dore treatment to all this sort of trouble is the inhalation of medicated steam, or steam formed from the mineral springs, for hours and days, till the whole respiratory organism is thoroughly cleansed, the walls of the tubes thickened and the system hardened and fortified against the effects of humidity in Paris or any other climate.

For twenty-two days you are made to remain from twenty minutes to an hour closeted in this medicated, steam heated to 82° and 89°, graduated in three different chambers. After slowly cooking thus for the allotted time you are wrapped from head to foot in heated eiderdown and stuffed into a quaint little "chaise à porteurs," fashioned after the Marie Antoinette style, only airtight almost, and two strong peasants bear the chaise to your chamber door, where you are tumbled into a heated bed, warmly covered up and made to stay for an hour or two, after which plenty of open air and exercise.

There are various other devices for the application of the waters, such as drinking them, taking baths, douches, sprays, &c., all administered under the eyes of the doctors, but the medicated vapor bath is the body and soul of the treatment.

From the time I first heard of this idea by accident in Paris I was impressed by its logic, and resolved to investigate the truth of it and see in how it might be made to benefit my compatriots. I found it well known and in high favor among artists, French Russian, English, &c., but unknown to Americans. I took the pains to inquire personally of some fifty of the best French musicians I knew who had passed through the experience as to their opinion of it. I found universal enthusiasm and gratitude, and the

most unqualified conviction as to the efficacy of the waters and their application. Mme. Marie Sasse, among others, was most fervent in her expressions of gratitude after a season's experience, saying that she now returns every year in pure "reconnaissance."

Of other artists who have been here, year by year, or are still coming, are the de Reszke brothers, Albani, Patti, Marie Rose, Sembrich, Hégion, Van Zandt, Melba (I think), Nicolini, Sibyl Sanderson, Nilsson, Rose Caron, Madame Conneau, Lassalle, M. and Madame Escalala, M. and Madame de Trabadelo, Melchisedec, Gayarré, Dubulle, Paul Pion, Samary, Gewaert, Fannie Moody, Talazac, Fidès-Devriès, and many others.

The Duchess Hélène d'Aoste and the Countess of Flanders, are at the Hotel Sarciron; the Duke of Marlborough, Albani, Dupeyron, Mlle. Francisca and Ebos, of the Opéra, are at present at Mont Dore, some as a matter of cure, some as prevention, all partaking of the cure and the superb promenades and excursions which form its background. There are also scores of secular apostles in all degrees of conviction.

From what I am able to observe and gather I am inclined to believe that not only should the Paris-American contingent form the habit of coming down here, but that the treatment and air would be well worth crossing the ocean to have. I know some people in America whose passage I would much like to be able to pay to have done for them what I see done for people here. Later on I shall be able to speak with still more personal conviction, or the contrary, and shall do so.

This going down into Switzerland by American residents in Paris is well enough in its way as a general "change," but for those affected in any way to require special treatment a more direct course is needed. By taking these things in their incipency much trouble may be avoided. In any case, coming here is much less expensive than going into Switzerland, is more direct and easy, without change of train or examination of baggage. The very fact of learning how to meet and treat taking cold, and the living of a regularized life for a couple of months, is alone worth the trial, and could not be but a benefit. Besides, French is much advanced here, as the people are largely French and of the cultured class.

The town is picturesque as possible, the inhabitants dressing in the Auvergne costume and speaking a language strongly resembling Spanish, not a word of which the French can understand! Their curious homes and lives would make interesting reading. Washing, making hay and shepherding are their native occupations, till driven to entertainment of "the foreign invasion" in summer. Entertainment is varied enough—climbing peaks, horse and donkey riding, riding in carts and landaus, long excursions, promenades, open air sports and games, quiet reading or visiting in pine summer houses, visiting with the droll shepherds or rolling down hill on the soft, sunny grass. Fumoulaire, those funny cable trains like ladders into the sky, are now being constructed for climbing the mountains. There is constant singing among the mountains by invisible vocalists practicing arias, or fortifying vocal cords.

There is a casino of course, in which musical performances are held. Visiting and invited artists give representations, and, by the way, here would be an excellent opening for some talented young Americans, for all nations are here assembled who would hear them. Rigoletto, La Favorite, Le Songe d'Une Nuit d'Été, Faust, Lucia, Mireille, Proux-Clercs and Le Maître de Chapelle have recently been given. In fact, an excellent work has been done here by Opéra and Opéra Comique artists, who have given of their services for the construction and furnishing with benches of charming promenades under trees in elevated positions. One of the most delicious of these has been called Chemin des Artistes.

The leading spirit of the place, who has given to it what it has of impulse and progress, is a young Frenchman by the name of M. Sarciron. He is to the place what Mr. T. Proctor is to Richfield Springs. The possessor of many fine hotels and charming villas, people are as much indebted to him for comfort and modern elegance as they are surprised at his hardy and initiative intelligence, which is much more remarkable in a Frenchman than it would be in an American.

There are eighteen doctors in the place, all eminent men. The one of them who is perhaps the closest link for the artists and English speaking people is Dr. Em. Emond, a man of distinct culture and refinement, speaking English as well as French, an able writer, distinguished in his profession, and allied with the artistic spirit in Paris, where is his home.

To an American mind there is, however, immense untouched possibility in the place; possibilities for the making of good money, too, while adding much to convenience and pleasure. There are superb sites here, too, for some wealthy Americans to build tasteful villas upon. I do not know anywhere that I would rather build were I one of that privileged class. Money, initiative skill and progress could make of Mont Dore one of the most desirable and charming spots in the world.

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Some More Barth Pupils.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

MY attention has only just been called to the article, Wanted a Barth Pupil, which recently appeared in the columns of your famous journal. Replying to the same, I beg to state that to my great regret I am not a Barth pupil, but "only a mere looker-on," to whom the privilege of "Hospitieren" in Barth's classes, both private and at the Royal High School, was kindly granted for a number of years. I therefore beg leave to mention the names of a few of the talented young American pupils I met during this time who I know to have gained distinction at home and abroad.

The success of the Misses Sutro in America and England is well known to the American public. Mr. Howard Brockway, now a resident of New York, has in a short time gained an enviable reputation as a rising composer and pianist. Miss Katherin R. Heymann, who concertized with the great boy violinist Huberman during his last season's American concert tour, received the unstinted praise of the most eminent critics of New York as well as of the other American art centres.

We see frequent flattering mention made in the columns of *THE COURIER* of Miss Fanny Richter and Mr. Ernst Schelling in their capacity of concert pianists. Miss Altemus, of Philadelphia, returned last spring from her studies abroad, and soon afterward gave a recital, in which she gained the favor of her audience and the warmest reception from the press of her native city.

I mention last, but not least, the name of Amelia Heineberg, whose signal musical gifts attracted the attention of musical circles of the German capital when she was but a mere child. After years of earnest application she made her debut under the auspices of her master in a concert of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. On this occasion, as well as in the subsequent concerts of this and other famous musical organizations of Berlin, as well as in the concerts of the musical associations of other German centres, the young artist found the warmest approbation and encouragement from the most eminent critics, foremost among whom I mention the names of Gumpert, Taubert, Tappert, Lessmann and your own famous but fearless Otto Floersheim. Amelia Heineberg has also found warm appreciation in her own country, and but recently met with an enthusiastic reception after playing at the Musical Congress in Nashville, Tenn.

Barth is the incarnation of a modest man, and the notoriety of a newspaper controversy must necessarily be exceed-

ingly distasteful to him. Of Barth, the eminent musician, your famous Berlin correspondent never fails to tell you, but of Barth, the great pedagogue, I feel impelled to say a few words. Barth was the pupil of Brouart, Bülow and Tausig. With the great heritage received from this trio of master pedagogues, he combined his own powerful individuality and a broad expansive mind, which aids him in transmitting his experience with such wonderful skill to his pupils.

He is thoroughly imbued with the loftiness of his calling, and although he exacts the highest perfection in technical proficiency, he makes it subservient to the highest ideal of musical perfection, and no pupil needs follow him who expects to employ virtuosic effects for the purpose of mere display or the desire to dazzle. Frank to severity, Barth is equally cordial in his praise, when it is merited. His geniality and goodness of heart make him the friend of the struggling student. These characteristics of the man permeate his work as an artist and master, and explains the influence he has gained, steadily and irresistibly, almost in spite of himself—the influence which brings, as has been truly stated, yearly a host of pupils to his door. If all of these are not ordained by nature or force of circumstances to return to us as great artists, we hear of numbers among them who, as teachers and pioneers of musical culture, are working zealously in their respective spheres, be it in the Dakotas or the Carolinas, to aid in creating and disseminating the musical atmosphere, which has been sadly wanting in the past, over the length and breadth of our glorious country.

Much has been said, pro and con, lately on the question of the advisability of sending students abroad to study music. We are fully aware of the fact that we have a brilliant galaxy of great masters at present in our own country. But why is it that we hear almost daily that Joseffy or Scharwenka have sent a promising pupil abroad to study. Surely not because they consider the European masters of superior ability, but simply because they consider the facilities for hearing great artists greater, or in other words, do not consider the musical atmosphere of European art centres all a "rot."

We are surely proud of our Carreño, Bloomfield Zeisler, Sherwood, MacDowell, Paul Tidden, and the rest of our great American artists. But not one of these has been educated exclusively in this country. They have, each and all, consecrated years of their lives to arduous work at the feet of one or other of the great masters in one of the musical centres of Europe.

It requires the consecration and sacrifice of an uninter-

rupted series of years to acquire proficiency and artistic perfection. But during the term of my sojourn in Berlin, with rare exceptions, the American students only remained with Barth for a term of but two or three years. Even under such disadvantageous circumstances I have rarely met one of these students who did not recognize the supreme privilege of having been permitted to study with such a master, and who did not aspire to the hope of being enabled to work for musical progress in his or her native land.

Without the proper musical facilities, the great masters who live among us cannot succeed in developing their choice musical talents to the highest perfection of art. We need musical organizations, like the Philharmonic popular concerts in Berlin, where for a mere song the struggling student can hear the great heroes of music. During my residence in Berlin I heard Brahms, Bülow and d'Albert repeatedly, while Joachim, Barth, Carreño and a score of artists each year consecrated their services to these concerts for the sake of musical progress. The atmosphere of the concert hall is sacred. A spirit of reverence pervades, and during the pauses, or after the performance, kindred spirits meet to discuss the impression received. It is this geniality, this reverence for art which exercises such a powerful influence on the young student, and is such a stimulus to the creative faculty. With the stream of cultivated musicians which are constantly returning from their pilgrimage of 3,000 miles our country is bound to make rapid strides in musical progress.

Perhaps even now the millennium may be at hand. With the herculean fight now being made by the famous *COURIER* for recognition of home talent, with more orchestral organizations and greater facilities, our young American artists who have found recognition abroad need not go a-begging for a hearing, but may find, without glaring announcements, opportunities on their own merits for building up their reputation as "American artists on American soil."

But I have digressed, and in laying down my pen I sincerely hope that some better equipped hand will take it up, and that all the Barthiania, at home and abroad, will come forward to show where they stand and what they have done.

A MERE LOOKER-ON.

[We publish the above interesting narrative because we are acquainted with the writer and also because it further strengthens our argument, *i. e.*, that musical students can acquire the technics of the art at home, and if they go to Europe it will only be to

listen, not to take lessons from men whose equals are to be found in this country. And remember we do not for a moment doubt Herr Barth's superior merits as a teacher, but we still believe in home talent. Let us hear of some more Barth pupils and we will tell them the same thing.—EDITORS MUSICAL COURIER.]

A Musical Curiosity.

A MUSICAL antique of much interest has lately come into the possession of Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson, the music editor of *Harper's Weekly* and of *Independent*. It is a fine example of the eighteenth century piano as made by the house of Astor & Broadwood, of London, to-day represented by the great house of Broadwood, the date of its manufacture being 1785.

More than this, it was one of the instruments manufactured for sale in America by the firm in question, through John Jacob Astor, the founder of the fortunes of the Astor family, when Astor came to this country to begin his career as the agent for the musical house with which his near relatives had become connected, a line of business which he soon abandoned for other enterprises, and especially the fur trade, that made such material additions to his wealth.

The piano in question had the advantage (by a series of accidents) of careful preservation as to the external beauty of its case, and was in such an unusual repair as to its action and inner details that Mr. Stevenson has been able to have it restored. It is now in every way a perfect musical instrument of its type, and possesses the distinctive tone qualities of the superior piano of its day. The restoration of the instrument is due to the expert knowledge of the mechanism of the piano of the last century and those made early during the present one which the venerable Mr. William Spickers, of Paterson, N. J., particularly possesses. Mr. Spickers has a rare acquaintance with the actions and other practical details of the harpsichord and the early piano, and has communicated much of his knowledge to his especial assistant in the repairing of antique instruments, Mr. John Elsasser, the work in this case being of peculiar delicacy; it has employed the Messrs. Spickers and Elsasser at their factory during not less than half a dozen years.

The instrument had stood between thirty and forty years in an old mansion in New Jersey, where it was discovered. To the fact that it was not meddled with by its owners is due the practicability of making it still a thoroughly musical example of its class. A sonata of Mozart or Haydn sounds with particular grace from its restored self, and at the same time it is a most interesting relic of the beginnings of a great American fortune. It is about 5 feet in length, with an inlaid case, spindle legs, and the delicate ornamentation of its time. There are few if any instruments of this kind in successful repair even in public collections.

Dresden Conservatory.—The annual report of the Royal Conservatory at Dresden, under the direction of Hofrath Eugen Krantz, has just been issued for its forty-first school year. Of its 242 pupils, ten are Americans who have taken the full course, while twenty-three have taken special courses.

Stern Conservatory.—The Stern Conservatory has just published its annual report for the school year 1896-7. Among its 348 ordinary pupils there are the names of twenty-three Americans. In the concerts of the past season Mr. Herbert Butler, of Omaha, and Miss Maria Münchhoff, of Omaha, made successful public appearances. The staff of teachers comprises forty-five distinguished musicians, under the general direction of Prof. Gustav Hollaender. Hans Pfitzner, composer of the opera *Der Arme Heinrich*, late capellmeister at Mainz, will join the institution this fall and give instructions in piano solo, composition, direction, theory and opera rehearsal.

THE PHYSICS OF MUSIC.

RESEARCHES IN ACOUSTICS.

By ALFRED M. MAYER.

(Continued from last issue.)

CHAPTER V.

QUANTITATIVE APPLICATIONS OF THE LAWS TO THE FUNDAMENTAL FACTS OF MUSICAL HARMONY.

To show the full value of these laws in introducing quantitative precision in the explanations of consonance and dissonance would require an extended space; we here present only such applications as will serve to show their importance in giving clear and simple guides in reasoning on the physiological theory of musical harmony. We have seen that in the case of the simple sound C_1 of 64 vibrations per second, that 16 beats give a continuous sensation; therefore, to determine the nearest consonant interval of this sound, we have $64:64+16::C_1:E_1$. Hence the nearest consonant interval of C_1 is its major third on the natural scale. To determine by our law the nearest consonant interval of C_2 of 128 vibrations per second we have $128:128+26::C_2:E$ flat₂. Here the minor third or the natural scale is the nearest consonance.

In the following table we give the determination of the nearest consonant intervals of the simple sounds of the C through five octaves:

C of 64 vibrations intervals — major third.
 C of 128 vibrations intervals — minor third.
 C_2 of 256 vibrations intervals — minor third minus $\frac{1}{4}$ of a semitone.
 C_3 of 512 vibrations intervals — minor third minus $\frac{1}{2}$ of a semitone.
 C_4 of 1,024 vibrations intervals — one tone.
 C_5 of 2,048 vibrations intervals — one tone minus $\frac{1}{4}$ of a semitone.

We thus see that while in the neighborhood of C_1 the nearest consonant interval is the major third; that in the octave of C_5 the nearest consonant interval has contracted to a tone.

This result shows why it is that the middle portion of the musical scale is best adapted for expression and is most used in musical composition; for while in the lowest octaves the available consonant intervals are few on account of the spaces separating them, in the highest octaves the consonants are so contracted that these highest consonant intervals lose their sharpness of definition.

It is here to be remarked that in our experiments we have obtained continuous and discontinuous sensations from beats produced by one sound of a constant pitch, but with musical intervals we obtain beats from two sounds differing in pitch. [The author cites some experiments of Dr. Morgan, Gueroult and Sedley Taylor, but as he does not agree with them in deductions and dismisses their experiments with words of disapproval we omit.—ED. THE MUSICAL COURIER.]

Helmholtz states generally in the higher regions of the musical scale 30 or 40 beats per second give use to the most disagreeable dissonance, but that if these beats follow so rapidly that about 132 fall upon the ear in a second then the sensations they cause are smooth and continuous, and the two notes producing these beats form a consonant interval. Helmholtz dwells, at the same time, with emphasis and with some minuteness on the additional important fact that the dissonant and consonant effect of beats do not altogether depend on their frequency per second, but also on the position in the musical scale of the sounds producing these beats.

Tyndall in his otherwise admirable book *On Sound* has overlooked the latter important fact, and while assuming broadly that 33 beats per second—no matter what the pitch of the notes producing them—give the greatest dissonance, while 132 beats per second give consonance, has made logical deductions from these premises which do not bear the test of experiment or conform to the experiences of musicians. On page 299 of Tyndall's work we read: "Does this theory accord with the facts that have been adduced? Let us first examine our four tuning forks to ascertain whether their deportment harmonizes with this theory."

"First, we have only to do with the fundamental tones of

the fork. Care has been taken that their overtones do not come into play, and they have been sounded so feebly that no resultant tones mingle in any sensible degree with the fundamental tones. Bearing in mind, then, that the beats and the dissonance vanish when the difference of the two rates of vibration is 0; that the dissonance is at its maximum when the beats number 33 per second; that it lessens gradually afterward, and entirely disappears when the beat amounts to 132 per second—we will analyze the sounds of our forks, beginning with the octave.

"Here our vibrations are 512-256; difference —256.

"It is plain that in this case we can have no beats, the difference being too high to admit of them."

But if Professor Tyndall had taken in place of the above forks two forks giving 40 and 80 vibrations per second, he would, according to his premises, have made this octave a most dissonant interval, for would he not have had (80-40) 40 beats per second entering his ear? Similarly, if we assume that 33 beats per second always produce the maximum dissonance, then even the interval $C_1 C_2$, which gives a difference of 64, is far removed from consonance.

Professor Tyndall then proceeds: "Let us now take the fifth. Here the rates of vibrations are: 384-256; difference —128.

"This difference is barely under the number 132, at which these beats vanish; consequently the roughness must be very slight.

"Taking the *of sixth*, the numbers are 384-312; difference —72.

"Here we are clearly within the limits, when the beats vanish, and consequent roughness being quite sensible.

"Taking the *major third* the numbers are 320-356; difference —64.

"Here we are still further within the limits, and, accordingly, the roughness is more perceptible.

"Thus we see the deportment of our tuning forks is entirely in accordance with the explanation which assigns dissonance to beats."

Now all of the above intervals were formed of simple sounds, without overtones or resultants, and in not one of the experiments adduced does the number of the beats fall "within the limits where the beats vanish," and "the consequent roughness" referred to does not exist. Thus the case of the *fifth* (384-256; difference —128), the blending would have been reached, according to our law, by 56 beats per second. In the case of the *fourth* (384-312; difference —72), the blending is reached by 60 beats; while with the *major third* (320-256; difference —64), 51 beats give the limits of dissonance.

All of these intervals are really consonant, and any musical ear will attest, on repeating the experiment, that the intervals cited cause no perceptible roughness. Indeed, the combinations cited by Professor Tyndall, when formed of simple sounds, are all eminently consonant intervals throughout the whole range of audible sounds. The same criticism applies with nearly equal force to the experiments on pages 303 to 304, cited as illustrating Helmholtz's hypothesis. Anyone can convince himself of this by means of free reed organ pipes brought vigorously into these intervals on the natural scale.

From the *American Journal of Art and Science*, Vol. IX., Year 1875, Article XXVIII.

A REDETERMINATION

OF THE CONSTANTS OF THE LAW CONNECTING THE PITCH OF A SOUND WITH THE DURATION OF ITS RESIDUAL SENSATION.

In my researches in acoustics, paper No. 6, published in this journal in October, 1874, I gave the result of many experiments on the durations of the residual sonorous sensations, and embodied these determinations in this law;

$$D = \left(\frac{52948}{N+25} + 91 \right) .0001.$$

In which D equals the duration of the residual sonorous sensation corresponding to N , number of vibrations per second.

The precise determinations of the duration of the residual

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sonorous sensations are difficult, by reason of the complex character of the sound perceived when the vibrations of a tuning fork are sent intermittently into a resonator by means of a revolving, perforated disc; and the difficulty of the determination is increased by the fatigue and deadening of the sensitiveness of the ear produced by the beats which enter it from the resonator.

The important applications that have been made of this law in the physiology of audition, and in the elucidation of the fundamental laws of musical harmony, have made me desire to have my determinations reviewed by ears more highly cultivated than mine in the appreciation of pitch and of musical intervals, and more skilled in the direct analysis of composite sounds into their simple component tones.

Since my publication in October last, I have had the good fortune to have elicited in Mme. Emma Seiler and in her son, Dr. Carl Seiler, a profound interest in my researches. They have spent considerable time in the redetermination of the durations of the residual sonorous sensations, making use, under my directions, of the same apparatus which I employed in my original experiments. Madame Seiler assisted Helmholtz in the experiments contained in his renowned work on Physiological Acoustics, and unites to educated musical perception a thorough knowledge and application of all recent advances in physiological acoustics.

I have therefore great confidence in the following results, which I desire my readers to substitute for those contained in the table given on page 244 of this journal (* see foregoing paper).

S.	N.	D.	L.
U T ₁	64	$\frac{1}{2}$ = .0086 Sec.	2.5
U T ₂	118	$\frac{1}{2}$ = .0022 "	2.8
U T ₃	226	$\frac{1}{2}$ = .0142 "	3.6
Sol.....	384	$\frac{1}{2}$ = .0098 "	3.7
U T ₄	512	$\frac{1}{2}$ = .0076 "	3.9
M I ₄	640	$\frac{1}{2}$ = .0065 "	4.1
Sol ₄	768	$\frac{1}{2}$ = .0060 "	4.6
U T ₅	1024	$\frac{1}{2}$ = .0055 "	5.6

From the above data the law given at Note 2, preceding paper, becomes:

$$D = \frac{3.2}{N + 31} + .0022$$

The adoption of the law with the new restraints requires the following corrections to be applied to my paper:

Note 2, preceding paper, read $\frac{1}{2}$ for $\frac{1}{4}$
Note 3, " " " " $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\frac{1}{4}$
Note 4, " " " " $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\frac{1}{4}$
Note 5, " " " " $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\frac{1}{4}$
Note 6, " " " " $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\frac{1}{4}$
Note 7, " " " " $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\frac{1}{4}$
Note 8, " " " " $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\frac{1}{4}$

The correction under S, "quantitative application of the laws to the fundamental facts of musical harmony," can be readily applied from the law as given above. Suffice it here to say that on the table on page 252 (* foregoing paper in previous issue) the nearest consonant interval in the octave of C is a fourth plus two-thirds of a semitone, while in the octave of C flat the nearest consonant interval of two simple sounds is contracted to only one tone. In the opening part of this communication I spoke of the difficulty of the determination of the residual sonorous sensations by reason of the complex character of the sounds received when the vibrations of the tuning fork are sent intermittently into a resonator by means of a revolving perforating disc. I will now describe the character of the successive sensations experienced when starting from rest; we gradually increase the velocity of rotation of the disc until the separate beats blend into a smooth, continuous sensation.

When the disc is stationary, with one of its openings opposite the mouth of the resonator it is evident that the ear will experience a simple sonorous sensation when a tuning fork is brought near the mouth of the resonator; on revolving the perforated disc, two additional, or secondary sounds appear; one slightly above, the other slightly below the pitch of the fork. An increased velocity of rotation causes the two secondary sounds to diverge yet further from

the note of the beating fork, until the velocity reached is so great that the two secondary sounds become separated from each other by a major sixth, while at the same moment a resultant sound appears, formed by the union of the sound of the fork with the upper and lower of the secondary sounds. This resultant is the second octave below the note given by the fork.

On further increasing the velocity of the disc the two secondary sounds and the resultant disappear and the ear has alone the sensation of the simple sound produced by the beats of the fork, which at this stage of the experiment blend into a smooth, continuous sensation. These successive and gradual changes, as they happen with the U T₄ fork, we have indicated in steps of semitones in the appended musical notation.

The sound of the fork is given in the semibreve, the crotchets represent the secondary sounds and the resultant sound. In the fourth bar the upper note, E flat, proceeds to D sharp in the fifth bar. This is so because in the natural scales D sharp is higher in pitch than E flat.



A Valuable Book.

I HAVE in my possession a little book I picked up in Germany, which has afforded me so much amusement I feel like sharing it with the readers of THE COURIER, provided its editor does not deem it too nonsensical for publication.

The book is a German dictionary of musical terms, with their equivalents in the French and English language. I shall say nothing of the French and German, because the terms in those languages are, in the main, correct. It is of the English I desire to speak, because for misused and misspelled words I have never seen its equal.

Let us begin with section 9, headed *Dynamical Signs*.

Messa di voce is defined as a swelling and diminishing of the voice on a long holding note; larghetto, something quicker, as largo; con alterezza, with proud, haughty; mezza orchestra, a thin orchestra, and fermatu, a general stop.

In the *wörterbuch* proper we are told that a piano with an easy touch is a piano that sounds easily. Instead of beginning a piece, we are told to *strick up*, to *fall in*. We are also told to *tuell* on a note, to sing in a *profoundness* bass voice, to sing *baryton*.

Do any of you know what a *bleat shak* is? It is given as a definition of *bockstriller*. Has anyone ever heard of an *opon canon*, or a canon written in *rigorous* rules?

Falsetto is called by our worthy German a *faint* treble; and oh, shocking! he tells us there is such a thing as an *improper* fugue. May none of our composers ever write one!

Organists are fully posted concerning four, eight and sixteen feet *tunes*; the *stopper* and stop-head of the organ. They are told that they play from a *plalm* book (*choral buch*), and that some of the pipes of an organ are *show pipes*.

Piano players must be warned against playing too much upon their pianos, else in time they become *wasted* pianos, (*ausgespieltes klaviers*). To have technic is to have *good* fingers. If you have bad fingers you will never be able to play on the *touch board*, as the keyboard is called in this book.

Musical libraries are evidently allied to the butcher business, since they are defined as *chops* for *lenting* music.

Harmony pupils are told all about *superior* and *inferior* thirds, and about the *decomposition* of a chord. How badly some of the doubtful chords we see nowadays must smell when decomposed!

These are but a few gems I have gleaned from this valuable little book. Let me close with a translation I saw a few years ago in another German book. It is a description of the conclusion of Wagner's opera, The Rheingold, and runs thus:

"The rainbow bridge stretches its bright length over the G flat major, which is broken up into arpeggios and triplets on the harps and wind."

Does any American translate our valuable literature into German as unintelligible as this English is? God forbid!

FRANK L. EVER.



10 QUAI DE FRAGUÉE, LIEGE, Belgium, July 20, 1897.

THE concours public of the violin classes of the Liege Conservatoire took place on the 12th and 13th. As the Liege Conservatoire has a great reputation as a violin school, an account of this public prize trial will doubtless interest students and teachers of the violin in the United States.

There were twenty-two competitors and the examination lasted on both days from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 6 P. M.—sixteen hours of fiddling. The jury was composed of out of town violinists, excepting M. Theodore Radoux, the director of the Conservatoire.

The forenoon of the first day was given up entirely to etudes and to excerpts from the works of ancient masters. Each pupil had a list of eight or more selections from which the jury chose two. Everything was played from memory. The etudes were from Kreutzer, Fiorillo, Rode, Gaviniès and David. I was surprised at the number of old masters that figured on the program. There were selections from Corelli, Tartini, Vivalde, Händel, Veracini, Vitali, Nardini, Maestrino Locatelli, Benda, Geminiani, Valentini, Campagnoli, Piehl, Leclair, Porpora, Biber and Bach. With the exceptions of Bach, Händel and Tartini, these masters are not studied to any extent in Germany. Here great importance is attached to them.

The playing of the twenty-two pupils on this first morning was a disappointment to me. It is true that it is a thankless task to come out before the public and play an unaccompanied etude by Kreutzer, Fiorillo or Rode, or an old fashioned sonata by Nardini or Veracini. To ears accustomed to modern polophony these works sound thin and threadbare. Yet, making all due allowances, there was a lack of aplomb, a lack of breadth and precision, and there was a slovenliness in intonation, a stiffness and awkwardness in bowing, also in the manner of holding the violin and in the position of the body, quite amateurish, and not at all in keeping with the reputation of the Liege Conservatoire.

In the afternoon the morceau de-concours was played. It was the first movement of the second Spohr concerto, and it had been given to the pupils to practice but two weeks before the trial. In view of this fact they did fairly well with it technically, though there was naught of individuality, intellectuality or warmth in the playing of any one of the twenty-two performers.

After all had had their say with old Grandpapa Spohr there came a test at sight reading. This was interesting. Each pupil read the same piece, which was not very difficult technically, but which was rather complicated in rhythm. The pupils were all very nervous during this trying ordeal and they did not distinguish themselves. Many older and more experienced musicians would feel shaky under the same circumstances.

The second day was by far more interesting. This was devoted entirely to the morceaux au choix, the pieces selected by the pupils themselves. As each pupil played his favorite work, which he had practiced for many months,



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the performances were throughout much better than on the first day. They played with more freedom, in better tune and a few showed some warmth. Individuality, however, was absolutely lacking in all. I append the program:

MORCEAUX AU CHOIX AT 8 O'CLOCK.

5e Concerto en ré mineur, op. 35 (1re partie).....	David
Fantasia Appassionata.....	Laurent Defourny.
3e Polonaise en la majeur.....	Wienawski
Concerto hongrois en ré mineur.....	Joachim
5e Concerto en ré majeur.....	Léonard
Concerto Romantique.....	Godard
5e Concerto en ré mineur, op. 35.....	David
5e Concerto en ré mineur, op. 35.....	David
5e Concerto (1re partie).....	Vieuxtemps
5e Concerto en ré mineur, op. 35.....	David
Fantasia Appassionata.....	Vieuxtemps
At 2 O'CLOCK.	
Concerto en la mineur.....	Goldmark
Zigeunerweisen.....	Sarasate
Concerto en ré majeur (cadence de Beskirsky).....	Paganini
Concerto en sol mineur.....	Bruch
1er Concerto (1re partie et cadence).....	Vieuxtemps
Airs russes.....	Wienawski
Concerto en ré majeur (1re partie).....	Paganini
Adagio du 1er concerto.....	Bruch
Polonaise en si majeur.....	Wienawski
4e Concerto en ré mineur (adagio religioso et final).....	Vieuxtemps
4e Concerto en ré mineur.....	Vieuxtemps
4e Concerto en ré mineur.....	Vieuxtemps

The pupils were for the most part quite young, averaging from fourteen to sixteen years of age. Two were but ten and a few were more than twenty.

The cleanest and most correct performance of all was that of the Paganini concerto by Alfred Pochon, a pupil of Thomson. He has a good reliable technic, but he lacks life.

Edouard Lambert, another Thomson pupil, has the largest tone of all. He has acquired something of Thomson's phenomenal breadth. He, too, is quite cold, however.

The most spirited playing was that of Fernand Lambou, a pupil of Massart, in the Vieuxtemps first concerto.

In appearing before the public they were all awkward and ill at ease. The only one who had something approaching the appearance of an artist was Grudzinski, a Pole and a Thomson pupil. His playing calls for no special comment, further than that his was the most difficult work on the program. No one of the twenty-two promises anything great for the future. They will not add anything to the glory of the school which has produced a Leonard, a Thomson, an Ysaye, a Marsick and a Musin.

Prizes were freely distributed, notwithstanding. They give a first prize here to each pupil whose playing comes up to a certain standard. It is not a competition for one first prize. Six first and four second prizes were given out, and six pupils received honorable mention. First prizes were given to Pochon and Grudzinski, Thomson pupils; to Humblet and Lambou, pupils of Massart; to Houdret, a pupil of Heynberg, and to Leseune, a pupil of Dossin.

The method of the Thomson pupils was clearly superior to that of the others, though they were by no means the most talented. Naturally Thomson, with his reputation, overshadows the other teachers, and doubtless all the pupils would be under him if they had their choice in the matter. The foreign students can choose their teachers because they

pay \$40 tuition annually. For the Liegeois the institution is free, but they have no voice in the selection of an instructor; they have to take the one allotted to them on entering, and with him they must stay throughout their entire course of study, often ten years. This accounts for the fact that Thomson's pupils are nearly all foreigners, and that many a talented Liegeois is not in his class.

The six pupils who received first prizes are not graduates of the school yet. There is another higher competition called the *concours supérieur*, for which the first prize is a gold and the second a silver medal. Before a pupil can compete for this he must remain in the school at least two years after taking the first prize in the ordinary concours.

There was but one aspirant for the medal this year, Armand Marsick, a nephew of the Parisian violinist and a pupil of Heynberg.

His program was as follows:

Morceau de Concours, given two weeks before the trial:	
Adagio from second concerto.....	Bruch
Symphonie Espagnole.....	Lalo
Sight reading.	
Transposition at sight.	
Theory of transposition.	
Selected compositions.	

CONCERTOS.	
Concerto en sol mineur.....	Max Bruch
Adagio. Finale.	
Concerto en ré mineur.....	Vieuxtemps
Introduction et cadence. Adagio. Finale.	
Concerto en mi mineur.....	L. Spohr

MUSIQUE ANCIENNE.	
Prélude en mi majeur.....	J. S. Bach
Sonate en ré majeur.....	Händel
Chaconne en sol majeur.....	Leclair
Aria en ut majeur.....	J. S. Bach
Etude en ré mineur.....	Florillo

MORCEAUX DE GENRE.	
Introduction et rondo capriccioso.....	Saint-Saëns
Paraphrase de Parafal.....	Wagner-Wilhelmj
Suite concertante.....	C. Cui
Cantata. Cavatine.	
Adagio en mi majeur.....	M. Marsick
Suite Trigane.....	Wormser
Cadence. Allegro vivace.	
Elegie en sol mineur.....	J. Th. Radoux
Adagio pathétique.....	A. Marsick
Adagio de la 3e suite.....	F. Ries

Marsick is a much more finished performer than any of the twenty-two others. He has a good technic, plays with ease and is a good musician. He is not an interesting interpreter as yet, but he is young and can develop in that direction. He received the gold medal.

It is generally admitted that the playing of the pupils this year was considerably below the usual standard. Last year it was very much superior in every way.

On Sunday last, the 18th, I heard for the first time the celebrated Liege chorus La Legia at a concert given by the Liege Committee of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition. This chorus is said to be the best in the world. I certainly never heard one that could equal it, not excepting the Berlin Philharmonic and Singakademie choruses. They sang *Prrière Avant la Bataille* by Soubre and *La Cène des Apôtres* by Wagner, arranged for male chorus and orchestra by S. Dupuis, the conductor of La Legia.

It was a genuine treat to hear this chorus. They sang with great sonority and éclat and with a precision and unity truly marvelous. At the same concert a famous military band from Brussels, Les Guides, special musicians to the King of Belgium, assisted. I was not particularly impressed by their playing, on the whole. However, a fantasia for clarinet, a banal piece of virtuosity by Demerseman, was executed by eight clarinetists in unison with remarkable precision. They played like one man. This called forth such applause that it was repeated.

Thomson played the Vieuxtemps fourth concerto at a concert given at the Exposition in Brussels by the Ysaye Society on the 15th. The proceeds of the concert went to

the fund that is being raised for a Vieuxtemps monument to be erected at Verviers, Vieuxtemps' birthplace. Thomson and Ysaye also played the Bach double concerto again. About their first performance of this work I wrote last spring. It was my intention to go to Brussels on the 15th, but I was prevented.

According to all accounts the concert was a grand success. Doubtless your Brussels correspondent will write about it. Thomson plays at Spa, on August 2, at another concert given for the same purpose. Several other celebrated artists will assist at this concert. I shall attend.

ARTHUR M. ABELL.

Voice Training.

By FLOYD S. MUCKEY, M. D.

No. 2.

HOW can Mr. Brown reconcile these facts with the following quotations from Dr. Curtis' book, page 1017: "The same conditions for the production of overtones exist in reed as in string instruments." Page 15: "The vocal apparatus of the larynx itself is exceedingly simple, its character being that of a membranous reed instrument." Page 116: "In the head register the vocal cords are divided into two or more vibrating segments and become to a certain extent flexible reeds sometimes commanding and sometimes commanded by the vibration of the columns of air in the resonating cavities above. The tones are not always the result of the vibration of the cords themselves imparted to the air, but of the vibration of the air column in the vocal tube and resonating cavities. The production of tone in the human instrument is similar to the combination of tone production in reed instruments and tongue flutes—the vocal cords of the larynx taking the place of the tongue in flutes and the reed in reed instruments. There can hardly be a doubt that in flutes the air in the cavities of the human organs of speech vibrates in some persons for the lower notes (tones) is a whole for the medium notes (tones) in two air columns, and for the upper in three. In very highly trained voices, moreover, a fourth register or falsetto may be developed, which has always a beautifully clear bird-like quality and in such cases the air is probably quartered." This means if it means anything, that the voice is sometimes a flute or organ pipe, and sometimes a reed instrument. We have just shown that it cannot be either. It also means that sometimes the cords vibrate like a reed and produce a tone and then again the cords take a rest, and the air in the resonance cavities assumes the responsibility of tone production, all of which is ridiculous. On page 95 the author states that "the overtones of the voice have been calculated scientifically to the first fifteen to seventeen." If this is the case why cannot the air divide into seventeen parts as well as being quartered?

Will Mr. Brown explain to us what a tongue-flute instrument is? On page 133 the author gives diagrams (see figures 2 and 3), showing that the cords divide after the manner of reeds. In describing these diagrams, he says, page 134: "The vocal cord is thus divided into two unequal segments, and its movements may again be likened to the transverse vibration of a rod fixed at one end, where at three-quarters of its length a node has been developed." These statements leave no room to doubt but that the author classes the vocal cords as vibrating reeds. If this be true, then we would have in the voice the series of overtones belonging to the reed. On page 108, figure 29 (see figure 4), the author gives a diagram representing the overtones of the voice. This diagram represents the series of overtones belonging to the string. Will Mr. Brown explain to us how we get the overtones of a string from a vibrating reed? On page 152 Dr. Curtis says: "To make the purest initial tone from the cords we must get the utmost possible tension." In many other places he refers

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to the tension of the vocal cords. Will Mr. Brown explain to us how we can tense a reed?

I think this proves very conclusively that Dr. Curtis has started on a wrong road, or with false premises, and therefore his conclusions, if logical, are false. Dr. Curtis makes this fancied vibration of the vocal cords the foundation for his theory of "nodules of attrition." On page 128 we have:

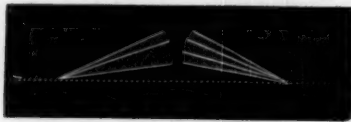


FIG. 2.

"That it is, however, that segment of the cords near the free border (see Fig. 3) that is thrown into most active vibration in the high register can be seen even with the laryngoscope. Tiny pearls of mucus may be seen to move from the ventricles out toward the edge of the vocal cords and run toward apparently fixed points, where they remain until expectorated. Observers have always spoken of these spots as nodal points on the cords. Oertel says that this is not the case; that as a matter of fact the tiny pearls of mucus mark points of greatest movement in the vibrating segments and not points of rest."

In a note at the bottom of page 124 Dr. Curtis says: "This observation confirms the theory advanced several years ago by the author as to the formation of nodules of attrition in singers' cords and explains the removal of the same by exercises in vocalization, which exercises were theoretically supposed to make the cords vibrate in a way which prevented their ventral segments touching."

On page 144 he says: "Even before the appearance of the pearl, which is simply a glistening point, we are able to observe the convex contour of the margins, as shown in the plate (Fig. 38; see Fig. 5), the cords tending to converge in the middle. Professor Oertel, one of the authorities whom Dr. Curtis quotes freely, claims to have seen the vocal cords vibrate in this manner, and Dr. Curtis infers that he has seen the same thing. Dr. Curtis gives a detailed description of the stroboscope, which Professor Oertel invented, and by means of which he claims to have seen these movements of the cords."

He gives a long dissertation upon the vibration of membranes which is filled with errors, and which has no bearing on the voice. Dr. Curtis is of a different opinion, however, as he says, page 125: "The vibration of membranes, as seen by the stroboscope, is interesting, and has a direct

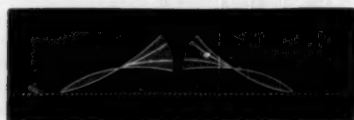


FIG. 3.

bearing upon the vibration of the vocal cords as seen in the same manner." In the first place, no such segmentation of the vocal cords ever takes place. If it did, then, as has been said, we would get the overtones of the reed in the voice, which never happens. The overtones of the voice are always those of the string, and this means that the cord

must divide into equal segments; and again to do this the segmentation must take place in the direction of the length and not the width of the cord. This precludes the possibility of any such motion in the cords as Professor Oertel and Dr. Curtis fancy they have seen.

This also proves that the stroboscope is not a reliable instrument and that the observations made by its use are utterly worthless. The excuse for the existence of nodules of attrition having been dissipated, the natural conclusion would be that they do not exist.

This I firmly believe to be the case. I have examined a great many singers whose throats have been badly strained, many of them to such an extent as to result in complete loss of voice, and I have never as yet seen what I could call a nodule of attrition, although I have looked for them repeatedly. Dr. Curtis once told me that I had a nodule on one of my cords, and I immediately hastened to my office and examined my cords very carefully, as I was very anxious to see one, but found nothing more serious than a slight congestion and a small collection of mucus. This I believe to be the condition present in every case of so-called nodules of attrition.

The position of the cords shown in Fig. 38, page 144—see Fig. 5—is an impossible one, as there is no possible means

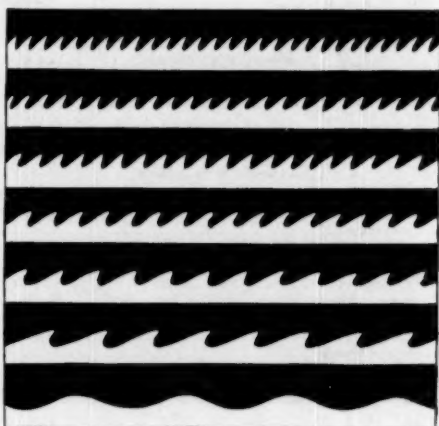


FIG. 4.

of separating the front ends of the cords while the middle portions are approximated. Again in Fig. 39, page 144—see Fig. 6—we have a nodule represented upon one cord only. If this nodule has resulted from the striking together of the cords at this point, why do we not have nodules on both cords?

It seems to me that one cord would get as much rubbing as the other, and therefore both would develop nodules. Will Mr. Brown explain this? Dr. Curtis fails to give the pathology of these nodules, but in a paper which he read before the New York State M. T. A., several years ago, he compared them to corns. In the same paper he cited several cases where he had caused these nodules to disappear in a few hours' time by means of simple exercises. It is ridiculous to suppose that anything of the nature of a corn could form on the vocal cord, and still more so to say that a structure of this kind could be made to disappear in a few hours' time by any exercise. However, it is very easy to understand how a collection of mucus could be made to disappear by the vibration of the cords.

This seems to me to be the true explanation. Fig. 40, page 145—see Fig. 7—represents a peculiar condition of affairs. If the projections from the cords seen in Figs. 6 and 7 are really growths, then nothing but surgical interference

could remove them. If they are collections of mucus, which would indicate an inflammation of the vocal cords, then proper exercises would not only throw off the mucus, but would in time remove the inflammation. In Fig. 41, p. 145—see Fig. 8—we have another impossible position of the



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

vocal cords, because the front ends are separated. These figures then, as well as the transverse segmentation of the vocal cords, are figments of the imagination.

The condition which is actually present in wrong use of the voice is a weakening of the intrinsic muscles from strain, and consequently a lack of approximation of the cords. This explains why proper exercises will remedy this condition. If the muscles are weak, then proper exercise will strengthen them, and they will cause the cords to approximate properly. The necessary conditions to bring this about will be explained later. I wish to protest here against the dissemination of such nonsense among singers. I have had several singers call on me since the meeting of the M. T. N. A., who were very much worried about their vocal cords on account of a paper they had heard there, in which these nodules were exploited. This is like lining twigs to catch birds.

Dr. Curtis tells us then that the voice is at various times a flute, an organ pipe, a reed instrument, or a drum (in the drum the air waves are set up by the vibration of a membrane). And yet when he comes to represent the partial tones of the voice he gives us those of the string. I will leave it to the readers of THE COURIER, who, as Mr. Brown says, are to act as jurors in this discussion, as to whether this is science or not. Is it possible to draw any correct conclusions from such reasoning as this? Professor Hallock and myself claim that the voice is always a string instrument; that all of the air waves composing the voice are set up by the vibration of the vocal cords, just as the air waves composing the tone of a violin are set up by the vibration of the string. As the voice, then, is never a flute, an organ pipe, a reed instrument or a drum, the discussion



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

of these instruments has no bearing on voice production, and no place in a work on voice production.

(To be continued.)

Soloists at Worcester.—The soloists at the Worcester Festival this year will be Rafael Joseffy; soprani, Blauvelt, Meredith and Galski; contralti, Gertrude May Stein, C. Bloodgood and Marguerite Hall; tenors, Williams, Hamlin and Lavin; basses, Bispham, Dempsey and Holmes.

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THIS SUMMER'S FIRST BAYREUTH PERFORMANCES.

BAYREUTH, JULY 23, 1897.

BAYREUTH will be Bayreuth to the end of the chapter. If last year I was a bit inclined toward scepticism, and if, indeed, many moments occurred which did not seem to warrant a journey to the Mecca of music, this year I am as convinced again of the almost unapproachable and unrivalled superiority of the Bayreuth performances over anything that is offered anywhere else in the way of Wagner reproductions, as I was during the period of my earliest Bayreuth pilgrimages.

Not the least important factor in the satisfaction I derived from the trip was the resuscitation of Parsifal into his old rights. Bayreuth holds the sole and indisputable monopoly upon Wagner's Swan Song, and not to have exercised it last year was a mistake which the Wagner heirs and their advisers in the Bayreuth scheme are not likely to repeat again up to the year of 1913, when their monopoly expires.

Anyhow, there will be so many repetitions of Parsifal this summer as to make up for last season's sin of omission, and I hear from the most reliable and authoritative sources that also in 1899 (there will be no performances in 1898) Parsifal will be the main prop of the repertory, and that again Der Ring des Nibelungen will be chosen as the supplementary or complementary work for that summer. Nothing has as yet been officially announced or even been definitely decided upon, as the meeting or conclave of the parties interested in the Bayreuth scheme do not meet until after the present performances are over. But I have the above information from the best source and can contradict the rumor current here that The Flying Dutchman is to be staged here in 1899.

As I cabled you on Monday night after the Parsifal production, Anton Seidl was the chief cause of the remarkable success of the performance, the greatest one I have so far witnessed at Bayreuth, just as the performance itself was the most impressive, inspiring and truly inspired one of the twenty odd Parsifal representations I have heard.

And I say this in spite of my very great and most profound, as well as most sincere admiration for Hermann Levi, the man who conducted Parsifal under Wagner's eye in 1873, and who was said to be the only one who had the true tradition. Hermann Levi has abdicated the baton and it was feared there were no shoulders worthy to carry his cloak. They have been found, however, and they are so strong and dignified ones, that with one stroke they lifted the bearer of the cloak far above even the height of the original owner.

Seidl is the renewed broom, and his work is much appreciated even by the Bayreuth clique, who last year proclaimed that the conductor was of only secondary importance. He has the power of his convictions and, as he proved during the rehearsals already, listens to nothing he

does not consider well founded. "Man sagt" that several times he has been obliged to assert himself even against the High Priestess of the Temple. Be that as it may, the result was a most happy one. The orchestra was matchless in its tonal beauty, purity, precision and sonority. The chorus, to which is assigned a more important and more significant share in Parsifal than in any other opera or music-drama in existence, had been so carefully studied and went so admirably that some of the effects were divinely beautiful and sounded almost unearthly superhuman. In fact, from a musical ensemble viewpoint this first production under Seidl's baton was as nearly perfection as anything human can be.

The only imperfections, slight ones at that, were in the stage management, and these irritated the connoisseur all the more, as for Frau Cosima Wagner nothing short of infallibility is claimed in this direction. Besides, if one makes the weary, circumstantial and expensive trip to Bayreuth, submits to the many inconveniences of the journey as well as of the sojourn, and pays 20 marks admission for a seat, one has a right to expect that all technical details are arranged, tried and are working in flawless style.

Thus one does not like to be brought to the reality of things and have one's illusion spoiled by the failing of the prompt disappearance of *Klingsor's* castle or the too quick working of the moving decoration in the last act. *Klingsor* himself was visible at least half a minute before he throws his spear at *Parsifal*. It was a very long thirty seconds for me. *Kundry* made a mistake in first trying to unclasp the lower portions of *Parsifal's* armor, and then suddenly noticing her blunder, or having her attention called to it by *Parsifal* or *Gurnemans* in an aside, she stops her unfastening work at the lower limbs and begins at the arms. This was done so suddenly that even those who would not otherwise have been aware of the mistake became cognizant of it. The red light which in the last scene is thrown from on high upon *Parsifal's* spear, and which is intended to make the weapon appear to be bathed in Christ's living blood, was not thrown on promptly, and it was quite a little while before the man operating the lights could find the metal tip of the spear. These are of course minor details and they may seem to many of you unimportant, but I am not quite so pusillanimous to note them or comment upon them if they were not necessary to a model reproduction such as the Bayreuth ones are claimed to be and were intended to be by Richard Wagner.

As regards the principals in the cast, I have already informed you by cable that they were the same as in some of the former reproductions, with the sole exception of Mme. Brema, who sang *Kundry* for the first time. Much good can and must be said for all of them. They all were in their work heart and soul. The declamatory diction was thoroughly clear, and thanks to the really unrivalled acoustic properties of the Bayreuth Richard Wagner Theatre not a word of the text was lost or could not be understood. If there was a fault to find in this direction it was the one that some of the artists overdid the thing.

Especially Brema, whose high register sounded a trifle forced and at rare moments even inartistic. If she could acquire more real vocal art she might yet be able to attain a piano that sounds. At present her voice don't seem to respond at all after some of the dramatic climaxes. Still, all in all her performance was earnest and dramatically convincing.

Van Dyk's *Parsifal* showed better knowledge of wise voice treatment, and though his lower register sounds quite baritone, his high tones were for the most part ringing, brilliant and full of warmth and his diction artistic. In looks and acting, not infrequently also in the abstaining from acting, Van Dyk is an ideal *Parsifal*, and he remains to me unquestionably the best impersonator of the

part of the several ones I have seen. Perron's *Amfortas* was extremely sympathetic and dignified and his delivery was interspersed with vocal beauties. The only, but very serious, drawback with this artist, is his frequently flat intonation. Plank's *Klingsor* was demoniacal and forceful, but he was often more coarse than even his role demands. Grengg's *Gurnemans* was an absolutely interesting and quite fascinating impersonation. He handled voice, speech and action with artistic skill and freedom. The smaller parts were all satisfactorily taken, especially the principals among the flower girls. The chorus of these lively young ladies in the second act was a masterpiece of precision and euphoniousness.

Conceptionally the reading of Seidl did not vary so very much from Levi's traditional one, except in the first act, which he took, as well as the Vorspiel, at an extremely dignified, stately tempo in the whole of the Holy Grail scene. Outwardly this difference of speed became manifest through the fact that the first act under Seidl lasted just ten minutes longer than under Levi, who always got through with it in just one hour and three-quarters. In spite of this becoming and well-fitting stateliness there was no slowness noticeable, and quite on the contrary Seidl's conception seemed fresh and sounded invigorating and inspiring, as evidently and manifestly the great conductor was inspired himself and was doing his very best, being on his mettle at the place to which he was called for the first time in his career. He may soon be called to greater things yet. Who knows?

I saw Seidl on the morning after the performance, and in his own quiet and unobtrusive way he was elated over his success and the general acknowledgment of the excellence of the performance under his baton. In his rooms everything, however, was pell-mell, for Seidl is losing no time; he has evidently acquired some of the American spirit of push and enterprise. He left the same afternoon for London, where he will conduct at Covent Garden, and then return to Bayreuth on the 28th inst.

The second Parsifal performance will be conducted by Mottl.

With Seidl was Albert Stettheimer, of New York, the genial, royal intendant at the Freundschaft and a close friend as well as ardent admirer of the great Anton. Stettheimer prides himself upon having been present at all the important débuts of Seidl as a conductor, and so he could not, of course, afford to be absent from the Seidl Parsifal premiere.

Personally, I found Seidl but slightly altered from his appearance five years ago, since which time I had not seen him. He has not grown older, his long strands of hair have not become thinner, but he has lost some of that embonpoint which he was fast accumulating when the flesh pots of America began to agree with him some seven fat years ago. He hastened to contradict the rumor which I told him Director Loewe, of Breslau, was spreading and to the effect that he had engaged Seidl for a Wagner tournee in Russia for the coming season. You may remember that I added my doubt of the truth of Loewe's statement when I sent it over in my last week's budget: "I have accepted to conduct the New York Philharmonic concerts during the season of 1897-8, and you know that when I accept a thing it is settled for good."

Regarding Siegfried Wagner, Seidl had many a nice and encouraging word to say. He told me that he had watched the young man at rehearsals when Siegfried was preparing the performances of The Ring, and that he was perfectly astonished at the young man's control of the orchestral and vocal forces, at the intimate knowledge of the score of his father's works he displayed, at his keen intuition and the

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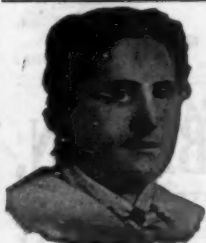
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command in making others carry out his intentions. "Siegfried is a highly talented conductor and an excellent as well as a many-sided musician, who, with more routine, will one of these days become one of the world's great conductors." This agrees perfectly with my own judgment of the son of Richard Wagner and grandson of Franz Liszt, as I expressed it after the memorable single concert which Siegfried Wagner conducted at Berlin two seasons ago. He will conduct the second cycle of the Nibelungen Ring at Bayreuth this summer.

The Nibelungen Ring first cycle was under the experienced and ever admirable guidance of Hans Richter, and not only he, but all concerned in the performances, gave their very best, and thus a suite of four representations were insured, the like of which for perfection of ensemble and general all around excellency I am not reminiscent of having ever witnessed heretofore, not even at Bayreuth. There are different readings, but sincerity finds out a truth to each one.

Rehearsals have been going on for several months, and hence each artist knew his or her part at the first representation in so faultless and so correct a manner as cannot be reached at other opera houses where different people sing different operas each night. It is the conformity and unity of style which gives such satisfactory results. Besides, the logic and coherency of Wagner's most extensive and technically most complicated work becomes noticeable to its fullest only if you see it represented by artists trained for this one purpose, and when each work is given in immediate succession of the other. Not with intervals of busy days, which separate the mental connection and bring you out of the mood to enjoy the whole tetralogy as a whole.

Only here at Bayreuth you become retrospectively conscious of, for instance, the beautiful and effective contrast between the third act of *Die Walküre* and the first act of the forest idyll, *Siegfried*. Only here you do not lose the thread, and with it possibly the interest, of the complicated story of the Nibelungen Ring and the doings of these people, which are not people in one sense of the word, and whose loves, lusts and hatreds, a world of dwarfs, giants, dragon and gods, would be of no earthly consequence to an American who comes from Wall Street and goes to the Metropolitan Opera House with the idea of the past day's and the expectation of the coming day's Stock Exchange prices in his mind. Come to Bayreuth, ye Americans, and learn of the magic concentration in art!

There were many Americans present this week: Mrs. and Miss Uhl, the wife and daughter of the former United States Ambassador at Berlin; Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, first secretary of the legation, with their niece Miss Rutter; the Schirmers, of New York; the Shermans, of San Francisco; Madame Anna Lankow, the eminent vocal teacher, with two of her pupils, the Misses Berry, from St. Louis, and Marie van Gelder, who is just engaged as first dramatic soprano at the Amsterdam Grand Opera; Mrs. Chamberlain, the pretty wife of the New York *Sun's* London correspondent; the Hosmers, from New York; Miss Dorr, from Saginaw, Mich.; Chas. Dyer, the baritone, from Worcester, Mass., a little man with a big voice and splendid delivery; Mr. Ernest Carter, the composer, and his very comely young wife; the Cunninghams, from Milton, Mass.; the Corbins, from New York; Mrs. and Miss Eleanor Burr, from Philadelphia; the Neilsons, from New Brunswick, N. J.; James Russell-Soley, with wife and daughter, of New York; Mrs. and Miss Ganson, with Miss Underhill, from Buffalo; Hal S. Woodruff and Mr. Robt. G. Gale, from Minneapolis, Minn.; Geo. A. Church, of New York; Mrs. Esther C. Barton, from Philadelphia; Miss Clara Ricci, from San Francisco; Mrs. George P. Bullard, from Boston, Mass.; Howard W. Hayes and Miss Hayes, from New York; Mrs. J. V. Darling, from Pennsylvania; John W. Clous, first lieutenant United States Army, and

Mrs. Clous, from Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Otto Huber, of Brooklyn; Miss Jeanette Wilcox, of San Francisco; Miss Flora J. Haynes, from Boston; M. H. Bauer, of New York; Mrs. A. Goldsmith, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, S. Lawson, "Professor of Music," Boston; Miss Minna Ramseyer, U. S. A.; Mr. Pond, Miss C. B. Bigelow, August H. Jaft, Miss Adele Mitchell and Miss S. L. F. Steever, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meyer, of New York; Mrs. G. Stone-Benedict and Miss Stone-Benedict, of New York; Timothy Adamowsky and Rosé, from Boston; Mrs. and Miss Chalmers, Misses Ruth and Grace Martin, from New York; Miss Edith Dorr, from Michigan; Miss J. B. Patten and S. Warren Sturgis and sister, as well as J. M. C. Sturgis, of Boston; Frederick Ayer, wife and daughter, from Lowell, Mass.; Miss Gilbert V. Munson and Miss Sarah Munson, from Zanesville, Ohio; Mrs. W. B. Rogers, Miss Guild and Miss Salhof, from Boston; Dr. J. J. Ellinwood and wife, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hux, from St. Louis, and probably a good many others whose names I did not happen to see in the *Fremden Liste*.

But still the American and English element is not in that overwhelming majority as it used to be in former years. On the other hand, the French element has been growing from year to year and can now truthfully be said to be the preponderating one. You hear more French spoken at Bayreuth this year than either German or English. They have caught the Wagner fever at last and they have it most seriously. I saluted and spoke a few words with Lamoureux, and he corroborated the news that a Wagner theatre on the Bayreuth plan is soon to be erected in Paris. Well and good!

It was plainly noticeable, on the other hand, that the musical element which had been the original mainstay of these festivals is gradually retrograding as the social and fashionable frequency is on the increase. They were the original small and exclusive circles that the Wagner stone had set in motion in the musical pond. As the circles grew larger and larger on the outside, the inside circles are gradually lost, surely weakening, and may soon disappear.

Bayreuth has become the fashion, and hence you see the fashionable people, while the long-haired element is disappearing. Some few staunch adherents like Rummel, Krause, Dr. Schoeneich, the Ibachs and a few others remain faithful, but even those who are professionally here, like myself, are not the old ones. Younger men are taking their places. One I miss most among the rank and file is George Davidsohn, from the Berlin *Boersen Courier*, whom death has removed from this mundane sphere. Oscar Eichberg, the regular critic of this esteemed contemporary, has taken his old chief's place. I even notice that people begin to dress for the performances, and perhaps it won't be long before the obnoxious swallow-tail coat, kid-gloves, stove-pipe, as well as white choker become de rigueur at Bayreuth.

Instead of the musicians, the artists of the dramatic stage have begun to flock hither. I saw Duse, spoke to Calvé, and shook hands with Rose Caron, and there were many other great artists here this week, as well as dozens of royalties, princes and princesses, many of them incognito. Sympathetic to me among the latter, the highest aristocratic element, is only the blind Landgrave of Hesse, who is a musician of high order, both creative and reproductive. I also noticed Oscar von Chelius, captain of the Royal Guards, the composer of the successful one act opera *Hashish*, which, as he told me, Walter Damrosch will bring out in New York this coming season.

On the day of the last rehearsal for the Parsifal performance Cosima Wagner took occasion to send a telegram of thanks to Hermann Levi, of Munich, for the eminent services he always did to Bayreuth in the conducting of Parsifal and his general work for the cause. The telegram is

signed by Cosima Wagner in the name of the representing artists concerned in the Bayreuth performances—Hans Richter, Felix Mottl, Anton Seidl and Siegfried Wagner, representing the orchestra; Anton Fuchs and Julius Knieke for the choral forces. F. Kranich signs for the technicians of the Wagner Theatre, and Messrs. Adolf and Max Gross thank in the name of the administration.

This letter must be off in an hour if it must catch the steamer. Hence I leave the Nibelungen Ring for next week. Meantime I remain hurriedly, but sincerely and festively, yours,
O. F.

Jaeger's Misfortune.—The wife of Felix Jaeger, the conductor, committed suicide last week. She was of unsound mind.

W. H. Lee.—Mr. Wm. H. Lee, the baritone, intends giving a concert at the Kiamasha Lake House, Monticello, N. Y., the proceeds of which are to be given to the "New York Herald's Free Ice Fund," about the middle of the month. The Kiamasha is filled with New Yorkers, who are enthusiastic about the affair, which promises to be a great success. Mr. Lee will be assisted by Mrs. Carrie Morse-Lee, contralto; J. P. Gilder, pianist, and several other artists now stopping at the hotel.

Emerson Ladies' Quartet.—This quartet is composed of Miss Mary H. Mansfield, Miss Emelie Knapp, Miss Ethel Houston and Mrs. A. C. Taylor, contralto; Mrs. H. N. Snow, accompanist. The quartet has been singing in New England in conjunction with the Royal Italian Juvenile Band, and has had a great deal of success; to such an extent that the engagement has been prolonged for a month or more.

An offer has been made for a trip to California and the South to extend until next May, but the quartet is already booked for a large number of concerts in the vicinity of New York and the East and could not accept such a long route.

Guilmant Coming.—It will be welcome news to the legion of organists and admirers of organ music that Alexandre Guilmant, the renowned organist of La Trinité, Paris, has at last concluded to visit America again for a few months this fall. Mr. Henry Wolfsohn received a cable last week asking him to prepare the tour, as the necessary leave of absence was obtained both from the church authorities as well as the director of the Conservatory, M. Dubois.

During the fall of 1893 M. Guilmant was heard in a few organ recitals and most enthusiastically received, and there is no doubt but what he will duplicate these triumphs. He ranks not only as an organist, but also as a composer among the highest.

Miss Roma Was Realistic.—CLEVELAND, Ohio, Aug. 6.—Miss Carrie Roma, the star of the company playing light opera at Haultnorth's Garden Theatre, and Manager Charles Lamarche, of the theatre, have had a falling out, and Miss Roma's connection with the company ends to-morrow night in consequence.

The cause is a disagreement as to the rendering of the bedroom scene in *Fra Diavolo*. Miss Roma played the part of *Zerlina*, the daughter of the innkeeper. Her conception of the bedroom scene was realistic. Miss Roma wore fleshings, and on the first night of the presentation of *Fra Diavolo* in disrobing she dropped garment after garment until she appeared, it seemed to the audience, *au naturel*. The act made a great hit with the audience, but not with the manager, who ordered Roma to retain more of her garments hereafter. Miss Roma thought the interference a blow at true art, but the manager was firm, and hence the resignation of Miss Roma from the company.—*Sun*.



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BOSTON, Mass., August 8, 1897.

YOU are struck, reading a book of Jules Renard, by the simplicity and sobriety of his language. He is an ultra-modern, but he finds familiar speech a sufficient medium of expression. Laforgue is often too fastidious and too curious; he is fantastical in vocabulary as well as in imagination. It has been said of Mallarmé that he invented a syntax for his own especial use. Du Jardin is not without jerky affectation. Rimbaud, in prose, is not infrequently absolutely unintelligible in his symbolism. Eekhoud is frankly Belgian, with the recollection of Flanders. The prose of Verlaine is rumbled.

The frankness of Renard is often biblical. His physical disclosures are those of a child or a South Sea Islander before he was cursed by the sight of a trading and converting white man. Nobody but a prurient prude will be shocked by him. He is not lubricious; nor is he classically and archaeologically pornographic. There is very little or nothing about the everlasting triangle so fascinating to French romancers. He is not visiting with a knowing wink the Cities of the Plain. He is no more modest than immodest. Nor has he a purpose. Nor is he arguing from a premise. He would understand the meaning of these lines of Whitman:

Do you guess I have some intricate purpose?
Well I have, for the April rain has, and the mica on the side of a rock
has.
Do you take it I would astonish?
Does the daylight astonish? or the early redstart twittering through
the woods?
Do I astonish more than they?

I do not say that The Vine Dresser in His Vineyard is Renard's best volume. Many would prefer Carrot-Head, The Sponger, The Roses. But Le Vigneron dans sa Vigne is very characteristic of Renard.

I have Englished for you crudely the Strong Man and the Clock. Let me add three of his thumb-nail stories.

THE DOG'S HOLIDAY.

Every Sunday after breakfast Gérôme says to his wife: "Let's go out doors; you go one way with the children, and I'll go my way with the dog."

"But," says his wife, "we'll go together if you wish."

Gérôme answers: "The dog runs too much, and you could not keep up; have a good time; come here, Pyrame!" Pyrame, joyful at taking the air, gambols on the sidewalk.

"Good dog! You'll tire yourself out; we have time enough."

He goes at once to a café on the corner. He fastens Pyrame securely to the leg of a table and seats himself opposite an old friend who is waiting for him to join in play.

While his master plays, Pyrame keeps still, licks his paws, withdraws them when anybody is about to step on

them, snaps at wasps, sneezes, and sleeps forgotten, without any spiteful feeling.

Hours pass. It is now seven o'clock. Gérôme looks feverishly at the clock. It's time for his wife and children to be back. The soup must be on the table.

"Only two hands more," he says.

Then: "Good luck, and we go."

Then: "Bad luck, and I must go."

And nearly bolt upright, fingers moistened beforehand, he says again:

"Hurry up, this is the very last!"

This time the game is over. Gérôme releases Pyrame, and skipping along even to the house, so as to be a little sweaty, brings back the dog from his walk.

THE TURKEY MAN.

After watching his turkeys fly Jaques Fei said to himself one day:

"What prevents me from flying also? 'Twould not be bad if one had wings, and if I wish one of my beasts will lend me his."

But at first he practiced threshing the air with his arms so vigorously that he made wind and dust about him. As for the feet—they would go of themselves, and Jaques would use them as a swimmer.

Then he broke the two wings of a turkey who was about to croak, and having tied them tightly to his elbows he began to make his trial.

He ran and bounded across the field in the midst of crazed turkeys; one of them, wounded, kept whirling about, red with blood, and occasionally Jaques fell on his buttocks to see.

"That's all right. Now I can risk myself."

He chose an old willow on the bank of the river. You could climb it easily by knots in the trunk, and the branchless top was not unlike a natural little platform.

Below, the muddy river seemed to sleep a deep sleep, and, by its light wrinkles quickly effaced, to smile, a-dreaming.

"If I miss the first time," said Jaques to himself, "I shall only take a bath, and I can well endure a fall to the hollow of such a good bed."

He was ready.

The turkeys, gobbling, stretched their necks toward him, and the one with the broken wings finally died on a bunch of grass.

"One!" said Jaques, standing up in the willow, elbows spread out, heels together, eyes on the clouds that he perhaps would join.

"Two!" he said, taking a long breath.

And without saying "Three," resolutely threw himself into the air between sky and water, Jaques Fei, who tended turkeys, and whom no one has seen again.

THE PIN.

When her sweetheart went to the war, Blanche made him a present of a pin, which he swore he would keep carefully.

"You gave it to me," said Pierre, "so that I should think of you?"

"No," she said "I know you will never forget me."

"Perhaps you gave it to me for good-luck?"

"No, I am not superstitious."

"Well, I don't understand," said Pierre: "It's enough that you gave it and that you love me."

"I do love you," said Blanche, "but my pin will be of use."

Now it happened in the battle that Pierre received a ball in the left arm, which they were obliged to cut off.

"I know Blanche," he said; "she will all the more hasten our marriage."

He came back, and his first visit was to her. As he

walked along the road, proud of being alive, walking fast, he looked at his empty sleeve.

It hung, inert, flat; or it swung from left to right, and not in time.

"This disordered dress," said Pierre, "makes me rather ridiculous."

With his remaining hand he took up the sleeve, and, having folded it twice, he fastened it neatly to his shoulder with the pin.

Let me add one more, although the terseness of Renard's style baffles faithful Englishing:

THE FAT CHILD AND THE THIN CHILD.

In the same alley of a modern park, where pigeons and blackbirds are intimate with each other, two women are seated side by side. They are not acquainted, but each has a child. The Woman in Red has a fat child, and the Woman in Black has a thin child.

At first they watch each other without speaking; then, indirectly, they make slight advances.

"Baby, look out; don't jostle the baby."

"Baby, lend your shovel to the baby, like a big boy."

Suddenly, the Woman in Black cannot hold in longer and she says to the Woman in Red:

"What a fine child you have, madam!"

"Thank you, madam. They tell me this often, and I am never tired of hearing it, because I am afraid of finding him too handsome when I look at him with a mother's eye."

"Be proud of him, madam. You have the right; he beams; he is joyful. I could eat his firm flesh raw. He has dimples all over him, and limbs that are terrible strong. He ought to live a hundred years. But, those lovely curls! I fear you frizz them; own up."

"Madam, I swear to you on the head of my child, that a sacrilegious iron never touches his hair. Besides, he was born so."

"I believe you, and I envy you from the bottom of my heart."

The two women draw nearer to each other, and while the thin child, who scarcely breathes, stays on the ground, the Woman in Black picks up the fat child, weighs it, coaxes it, admires it and repeats in wonder:

"How heavy he is! Good Lord, how heavy he is!"

"You flatter him," says the Woman in Red; "but yours looks like a good boy!"

The Woman in Black, disappointed, smiles sadly. She expected something better as the reward of her lively enthusiasm. She would have preferred to the sincere and hackneyed compliment some delicate lie, and although resigned she seems to improve it still.

The Woman in Red sees it all. Ashamed of her want of tact, good hearted, she puts the thin child on her knees, kisses him lightly and says in low tones:

"Dear madame, I do not say this because you are his mother, but do you know I think your child, too, is a fine boy—in his way!"

You recognize, I know, the sureness of touch, the keenness of observation, the gentle irony, the sweet humanity, the art of Renard in these thumb-nail stories, although, as I have said, his style defies translation. This singular man is acquainted intimately with trees—I believe I translated the desire of the man to be good and wise enough to live with them familiarly—the ocean, café life, plain people, cranks, the human heart. And in his observation his own individuality is only suggested. Yet, he is more than a photographer, although he prefers quiet, gray tints.

But there is another side to Renard's art. The top margin of each page of Le Vigneron dans sa Vigne carries short paragraphs which he calls Noisettes Creuses.

"Yes, anarchist, as soon as I shall have two sous we'll share. I'll even give you five sous when I shall have ten. But do not hope, companion mine, that we shall go snacks



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"Capable of hating, I do not know how to take revenge. Thus my hate in no way serves me. It is better for me to remain a good fellow."

"I give nothing to unfortunates who say to me:

"God will reward you.

"They would think that I was driving a bargain."

"Dear sir, have you nothing to lend me to read?"

"Madam, I recommend this study of fashionable life. It was written by a true gentleman of letters, who wrote it gloved, in the Bois, and on horseback."

"That which is the most flattering to a mistress worthy the name is that you grow stout—that you thrive with her. The one before the last one said to me:

"When we loved each other with love you were so thin I was afraid. Now I am at ease; nobody will reproach me with having neglected you, and I shall pass you on in good condition to another."

"Sir, will you permit me a slight indiscretion?"

"No, sir."

"How old are you?"

"150 francs."

"How much did that cane cost you?"

"Twenty-nine years."

"I say to the barber:

"Cut my hair nearly close."

"I understand," says the barber. "You wish it shorter in front than behind."

"Look here," I say to him, "cut it close."

"I understand," says the barber. "Do you wish to part it?"

"I leave angry, without sitting down. However, it will be necessary for me to go back there."

"In spite of our desire to have wings, we can never fly. Fortunately the air would be quickly unbreathable."

"The young woman in black dreams all alone on the rock. Doubtless, a-weary of this life, she chooses a star to pass there another life. Already she reserves one and takes possession. But she has no luck: brusquely the star falls!"

"I pity Christmas if he reads Christmas stories."

"Less woman than flower, frail as a flower, odorous as a flower, you would speak the language of flowers, if flowers spoke dialect."

"When you look at the sea, you are first of all struck by the fact that it has nothing astonishing."

"Each one has his fashion of admiring it. One chooses a corner for himself alone. One lies down flat on his belly. Another stands upright, and clearly carved on the horizon, immovable, thoughtful, looks at the sea until he no longer sees it."

"Another goes among the bathers to say:

"It reminds me of the ocean!"

"If you hold a child in your arms and the little one begins to cry, say to it: 'Don't be afraid, I am here!'"

"If you have a dog, stroke it, recommending it to be calm."

"On horseback, push the noble animal into the waves until it snorts with fright."

"As for me, I am accustomed to it. Lightly clad, cigarette between my teeth, hands behind my back, as in my garden, I advance tranquilly toward the sea, and I let it come to me."

I hear Mr. Gradgrind's sons and daughters protesting: "What has all this foolishness to do with music?"

Nothing, absolutely nothing. There is nothing in Re-



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nard's works that would be of the slightest interest to the intelligent, instructive and estimable pedant.

Nothing, absolutely nothing. And yet everything.

For the flawless triumph of art is to speak "with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals, and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside." Thus Jules Renard speaks. And I doubt gravely whether the singer or player to whom Renard does not appeal can in turn move or thrill in the exercise of art.

PHILIP HALE.

Catharine Elma Hall.

MISS CATHARINE ELMA HALL began to study the violin at a very early age, and made such progress that when nine years old she was playing in concerts of some pretensions. She had the advantage of a brother's help, who encouraged and assisted her, and really



CATHARINE ELMA HALL.

created the solid groundwork which she exhibits in her playing to-day.

Other teachers, including Mr. Zimmerman and Mr. Henry Hahn, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Max Weil, gave her instruction until she went to Chicago about a year and a half ago, since which time she has been an acknowledged favorite pupil of Mr. Bernhard Listemann. She has played an immense amount of violin literature.

Though rather cold in appearance, the warmth of her nature is shown in her performance, and she never fails in any of her public work to enthuse her audience. She has life, tone, technic and intonation. She believes in work, everyday work, and this, with her talent, is the whole secret of her success.

Coming from a musical family from remote generations, she is fairly entitled to her musical ability, which is, perhaps, accentuated by the fact that a younger sister plays the 'cello with artistic skill.

WANTED—Organist Choirmaster for St. James' Cathedral (Church of England), Toronto, Canada; choir of sixty voices; Cathedral service; three manual organ; salary, \$1,300. Applications received till August 15, 1897. Apply Chairman Music Committee, St. James' Vestry, Toronto.

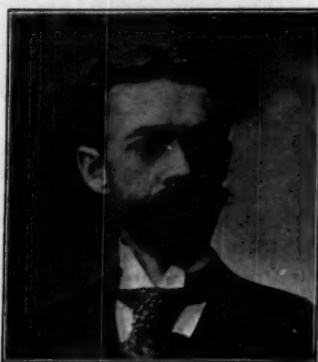


Photo by A. M. Dupont.

The Fay-Virgil Controversy.

Editors The Musical Courier:

SINCE Miss Fay's attack on the Virgil method I have been the recipient of many letters upon the subject. The inclosed letter from the eminent voice teacher Mr. John Howard is so important and so well answers Miss Fay in every particular, that I send it to you for publication and desist myself from saying anything further.

Cordially yours, MRS. A. K. VIRGIL.

AUGUST 6, 1897.

DEAR MRS. VIRGIL.—It may be that by the happy luck of circumstances I am better qualified than anyone else to defend Mr. Virgil and yourself against the very serious charge made by Miss Amy Fay.

The only year that I have ever been employed by any one, and it was one of my happiest, was the year when I taught for Mr. Virgil in his Fort Wayne conservatory in the early seventies. Then in the summer of 1881, the year of the publication of Miss Fay's book, I was shown the first model of the coming practice clavier in a Peoria parlor. Mr. Virgil illustrated upon its single octave of keys the points he intended to make, and has made.

He employed precisely the same "positions of hand, wrist and arm" that he had assumed in Fort Wayne eight or nine years before. About this there can be no shadow of doubt. Yet it is precisely the positions of hand, wrist and arm that Miss Fay declares to be property filched from her noted teacher, Deppe. She writes: "I maintain that the distinguishing peculiarity of both the Deppe and the Virgil methods is the hand, wrist and arm positions."

Now, you know that I have studied piano touch under Stoeckel, also under Plaids, in Leipzig, and am fairly able to judge. You may be sure that I gave most serious attention when I confess that my previous theories were shattered, for I had been a disciple of the so-called pressure touch.

Since that time I have frequently called at the clavier office, and discussed piano touch both with you and with Mr. Virgil. If there has been any change in the "hand, wrist, and arm positions" it has escaped notice. If there has even been any change in the stroke, it has been equally elusive; of course there have been improvements, but they have been along the same lines.

As I am in the possession of one of the instruments I may claim to know its virtues familiarly. They are not shared by the Deppe method, so far as the method has been exposed to us by Miss Fay, toward whom, as a lady of energy and ability, only the kindest feelings are entertained. But the theft of ideas is morally as criminal as the taking of a purse, and from this very grave accusation I can free both you and Mr. Virgil with a certainty born of professional study and ample opportunities for personal observation. (Signed) JOHN HOWARD.

P. S.—I intended to add that the extraordinary playing of the youthful Miss Traub and Mr. Burgemeister at the Music Teachers' National Association was convincing evidence of a method of genuine power.

Heinrich Winter.—Mr. Heinrich Winter, a pupil of F. Rehs, of Berlin, is now a guest of Mrs. Louis Gardner, and will return shortly to the other side.

Wagner Museum.—The Wagner Museum at Eisenach, of which long descriptions have been already published, was opened to the public June 20. It was originally started by N. Oesterlein, of Vienna, who sold it to a committee formed to preserve the collection in Germany. After some hesitation between Weimar and Eisenach the latter town was chosen as its final location.

FINE STUDIO FOR VOCAL TEACHER.—Henry

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CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, 1256 Wabash Avenue, August 7, 1897.

An eminent artist writes me: "What's the matter with Chicago?" Why, nothing. Now that all the silver proselytes, except one, have gone to Klondike there is a chance if the eminent artist comes here he will not only find enough work but will be paid in gold—when the Klondike emigrants return. But to return to his question, What is the matter with Chicago? Artistically there is every kind of material, and fine material. We have great artists here—residents for years of the city. We have great colleges, we have splendid teachers, and yet in some ways Chicago is as raw and as crude as ever.

The matter with this city is the absence of unity and the strength which unity gives. We want unity, amity and artistic co-operation; we don't want the little jealousies and pettinesses which at present exist and which prevent Chicago from ranking as a great musical centre. And yet look at the great artists Chicago has the honor to claim. Can any city in America show a better array of great names?

As residents for many years we have Bernhard Listemann, Regina Watson (the sole representative of the Tausig school in America, and one of the finest teachers America has produced), Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Max Bendix and Emil Liebling, the authority on all that has pertained to music in Chicago for the past twenty years, and who is the true friend and adviser of all young artists. Leopold Godowsky, Hans von Schiller, J. J. Hattstaedt, Theodore Spiering and W. H. Sherwood made their homes in Chicago at a later date, but have acquired fine reputations, and are now claimed as Chicagoans.

Then there are Frederic Grant Gleason, A. J. Goodrich and Henry Schoenefeld and Jessie Gaynor, represented by harmony and composition. In the vocal branch, to quote at random and much in the order as they came here, there are Frank T. Baird (who, by the way, has taught many of our successful singers, notably George Hamlin and Helen Buckley); Elodoro de Campi, a noted instructor of the old Italian school; L. G. Gottschalk, William Castle, J. H. Kowalski, F. W. Root, Noyes B. Miner, Bicknell Young and Clement Tetedoux.

Now I have merely given some few names just to show the capacity of our city as regards private teachers. Fine organists, too, we do not lack—Harrison M. Wild is one whom any city should be honored in being able to claim. Again, we have Wilhelm Middelschulte, and sometimes Clarence Eddy. Louis Falk is a resident of thirty years, and H. B. Roney has been a noted figure for a decade. A city which, in addition to the foregoing, claims as executant artists Mrs. Hess Burr, Mme. Ragna Linne, the great Swedish dramatic soprano; Genevra Johnstone Bishop, Serena Swabacker, Genevieve Clark Wilson, George Ellsworth Holmes, George Hamlin, Eva Emmet Wycoff, Jennie Osborn, Earl Drake, Anna Weiss, Arne Oldberg, Walter Spry, Marie Cobb and Thomas Taylor Drill, has resources which but few American cities can boast.

I have enumerated but a few names as they occur to me, but those to whom allusion has been made are all artists

of reputation and a credit to our city. Then, why is there not an artistic environment, so that it should be impossible for a foreign artist to ask: "What is the matter with Chicago?" Another matter is the absence of good fellowship. Why cannot we have a society of musical artists here as there is in other cities? If some one or two of our very popular artists would form the nucleus of such an organization it would soon prosper, and art would be possible.

The idea seemingly prevails abroad that Chicago is a crude, overgrown village, still in the embryonic stage of civilization. That this opinion must obtain among artists abroad was forcibly instanced when Joachim, being appealed to by Theodore Thomas to recommend a concertmaster, sent us as leader of our orchestra a young violinist possessing neither years, judgment nor experience. He was a good musician and would have been well placed as the leader of an amateur orchestral association. Joachim's recommendation of Wendel as a fitting concertmaster conclusively showed the estimation in which not only the Chicago Orchestra, but the conductor, Theodore Thomas, is held abroad. The idea expressed in ordinary matter of fact English would be, "Oh, anything is good enough for Chicago."

The people there don't know a French horn from a fog horn. Herein lies the mistake. Chicago, with its aggregation of musicians almost as great as that of older cities, is keenly aware of what constitutes good music, and could, if there were a good orchestra here and a conductor who worked for the advancement of music, in a short period become one of the leading musical centres, not only of America, but of the world. But to accomplish this there must be co-operation on the part of those who wield present power. The time is ripe now, prospects are infinitely brighter than they have been for many years past; it only needs good will and artistic fellowship to quench for all time the crude illiberality which for the time prevail.

In speaking of music in Chicago it must not be forgotten that the various clubs are an important and integral feature of the music system of Chicago.

The Apollo Club, with Mr. Angus Hibbard president, and W. L. Tomlins conductor, has been a potent factor toward laying the foundation of general appreciation for good music. No one has worked harder and with better results than Mr. Tomlins, and his influence to-day is extraordinarily powerful. His club numbers more than 400, and it is probable that this will be one of the best years of its existence. Then there is the Mendelssohn Club, which also lends itself to the highest class of performance. The Amateur Club has long been famous for its enterprising spirit and the good management exercised, and lately has been paying much attention to American composers and artists.

Speaking of American artists, the question might be asked: Why is it that the colleges and conservatories invariably obtain their teachers from abroad when any change is made. Is it not a most reprehensible practice, and calculated to destroy the artistic ambition of our native teachers? I cannot recall in a single instance of late where a college has employed a home artist when it was necessary to fill a vacancy. Should not these big institutions be the first to indorse the home musician, provided, of course, capability is proved?

It needed but a short chat with Mr. L. Gaston Gottschalk to convince me that times were improving and that the calamity howler's occupation had been shelved. Mr. Gottschalk said the marked improvement was very perceptible to the musical profession when so many out of town pupils were coming into the city for study. He spoke of this as the best summer term he had had for three years and spoke glowingly of the coming season's work. Mr. Gottschalk's lyric school has become in its few years of existence quite a renowned institution, where the best of tuition can be had

and where everyone is made to feel at ease. Mr. Gottschalk has obtained an excellent faculty, who appreciate the fact that he is reasonable, fair and kind and a believer not only in living himself, but also in allowing his teachers to live. As an operatic singing teacher Mr. Gottschalk is as well known as anyone in the West, and the methods he employs and the many successes which he has achieved have gained for him a most enviable reputation.

George Hamlin has been engaged by the Worcester Company Musical Association to sing at the festival next month. He sings the tenor part in Gounod's Redemption and also on artists' night, when the program will be of a miscellaneous nature.

That sterling baritone, George Ellsworth Holmes, is also engaged for the Worcester Festival.

Mrs. Nellie Bangs Skelton has now taken command of the music at the Soper School of Oratory and will add considerable prestige to this department. The Soper School is so well equipped to do everything it undertakes in the matter of elocution, dramatic gesture and recitation that it was a good move to strengthen the musical part. Mr. Soper has long been noted for possessing the leading school of dramatic art in the city; indeed, I believe it is the oldest, and I know from experience that it is very thorough. Vocalists need such a place as this where they can acquire the necessary diction, which is very frequently omitted.

Mrs. Skelton is a well-known figure in the history of Chicago's music and is a most painstaking and conscientious teacher, a good accompanist and a thoroughly well informed musician and one who has written some bright music.

Signor Filippo Governale, a young violinist from Italy, is such as should receive cordial welcome in Chicago. He is by appointment of the Minister of Public Instruction professor at the Palermo Conservatory. He was educated at Paris, and was several years a pupil of Dvorák. Signor Governale, after leaving Paris, went on a concert tour through Switzerland and Italy, being received with considerable favor, after which the appointment at the Conservatory was given him. He asked for two years' leave of absence, but still retains his professorship at the Palermo Conservatory.

I have lately received notice of the death of Signor Alessandro Boetti, husband of Mme. Dove Boetti, formerly Dove Dolby. The late Signor Boetti at one time was quite a famed opera singer and only relinquished his profession on account of failing health. He was a kindly, genial man and during his residence in Chicago made many friends who will sincerely grieve at his untimely death. He died at Milan, where his widow and children now reside.

An interesting girl pianist, Miss Celeste Nellis, who has achieved a considerable amount of local fame, leaves Chicago for Berlin on Wednesday. She has been the recipient of much attention from those interested in piano playing, so that her career will be watched with curiosity to see if she fulfills her friends' predictions.

The American Conservatory has issued a new catalogue of most attractive design and interesting contents. It is undoubtedly a convincing testimonial of that institution's unceasing growth and high standing. The faculty, with the assistant teachers included, numbers fifty, among whom may be recognized many of Chicago's best known and most capable musicians. A long list of its public entertainments of the past season gives an idea of the prominent part this institution takes in musical work. Among the new members of the faculty might be mentioned Miss Jeannette Durno and Miss Effie Murdock, piano; Mr. Cyril Bruce Smith, Miss Elaine De Sellem and Miss Jessie Hopkins, voice, and Mr. Carl Klammsteiner, violoncello. Mr. John J. Hattstaedt, the efficient director of this excellent school of music, is confidently expecting a decided increase in attendance for the coming season.

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ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1880.

No. 910.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1897.

The London MUSICAL COURIER is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of THE MUSICAL COURIER, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

19 Union Square,

New York City.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us how Xaver Scharwenka's scherzo in G, op. 4, ranks in the catalogue of piano composers. It ranks as an excellent piece of music, quite worthy of figuring on a concert program.

WE know nothing of an article by Reginald De Koven on Comic Opera. Mr. De Koven, we believe, writes comic operas. His critical opinion of his own music must furnish light, airy summer reading.

A CURIOUS musico-legal question is at present before the Vienna courts. Brahms died without having renewed his German passport at the proper time. Consequently it is argued that he had forfeited his German citizenship and that Hamburg has no claim on his personal estate.

WE read in the cable dispatches that a Professor Edoe, of Rome, accomplished the feat of reciting the entire Divina Commedia from memory and without a mistake. Such exhibitions, while being interesting as a test of human mentality, are valueless—just as valueless artistically as the performance at a sitting of the last five sonatas of Beethoven. One of these gigantic works should suffice at a recital. More than one causes musical indignation.

A REVIVAL on a large and artistic scale of Offenbach, Lecocq, Hervé, Strauss, Millöcker and Suppé would find appreciation this fall and winter. All the trashy comic operas that have been played in this country for a dozen years past have created an appetite for the old works that embody vital thought and exceptional workmanship. None of these productions can be endured if placed upon the stage in an unfinished style; they require great stage setting, complete orchestra and chorus and principals who are specialists.

WE have been repeatedly asked to state what has become of Leon Margulies, at one time engaged in the business of musical agent at Carnegie Music Hall, and later on manager of the Damrosch German Opera Company. Margulies left for Europe last year and never returned. He was reported to have eloped with a member of the ballet, and subsequently was said to have opened a vocal studio at Dresden, to give special instruction in the new method of removing the seeds from the Adam's apple for the purpose of raising the male tenor voice one octave higher by artificial training. No reports of his success have so far reached us, although Graff, his former partner, may have some inside information. Mr. Graff proposes to give a series of fashionable musical soirées this season in—let us see—in, in Philadelphia—yes, that's it.

A PROPOS of "Professor of Music" the English *National Review* has this to say on the subject. We recommend it to "Dr." Palmer and the rest:

The practice of music differs so far from the practice of certain other professions that it is absolutely open to anyone to enter upon it. This is, indeed, one of the chief reasons for the overcrowding, about which we are hearing so much in these days. There are no prohibitive restrictions to act as a wholesome check. One may not become a doctor or a barrister without having first passed through a recognized course of training, ending in a certificate of his fitness for the duties he proposes to undertake, and although there are certainly more lawyers and medical men than the public requires or the members of these professions themselves find to be advantageous, the fault is assuredly not due to the system of education and license. On the other hand, there is nothing to prevent any person, capable or incapable, from setting up as a teacher of music. He may have had no training at all, he may have taught himself, or he may have put in a term or two at some of the leading musical institutions and then set up in all the glory of a "Professor of Music," with a brass plate so inscribed on his front door. This is a position of matters which undoubtedly calls for serious consideration, but it is much easier recognizing the evils of the position than suggesting a feasible remedy for these evils.

THE following appeared in the cable service of the Sunday Telegraph:

NORDICA'S ILLNESS WAS A FAKE.

Lillian Nordica is much better. She has not been very ill, to tell the truth, although she has had a good "ad." It was gravely announced in all the papers that straw had been put down on the Thames embankment in front of the Savoy Hotel to deaden the noise of traffic, because of the prima donna's illness, which was a fact, though why it should have been put down no one can well say, as the Thames embankment is 300 yards away, is paved with macadam, and is as quiet as a park, while the streets close

to the Savoy, paved with wood and very noisy, were not laid with straw at all. Of course everyone passing along the embankment asked: "Why the straw?" and were duly answered that Madame Nordica was ill. The press agent did his work well, and the press agent in this case was Madame Nordica's husband, a fat, alleged tenor, calling himself by the mysterious Hungarian name of Zoltan Dóme, real name Schmits, who, during the lady's illness, sat about the Savoy courtyard in easy, suetty poses, answering the questions of an anxious public regarding the health of the lady, who, even not very ill, has the sympathy of everyone who comes in contact with her consort.

We do not credit the above, for from private advices Nordica seems to have been a sick woman. Perhaps the shock caused by the reconciliation with the Reszkés proved too much for the favorite American singer.

OPERA WANTED.

LENOX, July 21, 1897.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

I have watched with interest your articles about Jean de Reszké, and entirely agree with them. But I think it a great pity that we should have no regular opera season in New York next winter; indeed, I cannot see how the lovers of music can get along without one.

It is ridiculous simply because the de Reszkés are not coming back we are to have no opera; that seems to be the plain fact of the case. As Mr. Grau does not want to come back, why will not Mr. Damrosch rent the Metropolitan Opera House for twelve or fourteen weeks, and give us a regular season of opera. He expects to give opera in New York for a short time, but why will he not spend longer there, as it has been found opera pays better in New York than in smaller cities.

Surely with a little care he could get up a good company. Mile. Eames has as yet no engagement for next winter, and she has so many advantages; first of all she is all American, then the most beautiful woman on the stage to-day; her voice is magnificent and her acting has improved so much and she can sing so many roles—*Elizabeth, Elsa, Eva, Juliet, Ophelia, The Countess, Marguerite* and others—who is there that can equal her in any of them? Then he could procure Plançon (who has no engagement for next winter and wishes to come to America), who, notwithstanding his magnificent voice, does not ask a quarter as much as any of the other stars.

I believe he is negotiating with Melba now, and could probably get Nordica also, if he wished, and then there must be other Americans he could get who, if they have not the reputation, have great, fresh voices.

Will you kindly publish this letter, and perhaps others agreeing with me will write and tell you so, for if we are to have opera next winter something must be done about it soon.

I am a constant reader of your paper, and have always taken pleasure in the stand you have taken to help the growth of that which is best in music in America.

Sincerely yours,

K. A.

ACCORDING to debtor Grau and his pandects there can be no foreign opera in America without the Reszkés, and as the Reszkés will not come unless Grau first gets out of his money troubles and can secure a solid financial backing, there can be no Grau opera in America. As there is no one willing just now to follow the road that leads over the hill to the poor house, so frequently traveled by the Maretzks, the Graus, the Maplesons, the Strakosches, the Neundorffs, the Abbays and others who are identified with the foreign operatic scheme, there can be no fashionable foreign bankrupting opera conducted here this season. Next year we are to have one, however, Mr. Grau coming over in October this year to pave the new path in the same old direction. Success to him!

It is lucky for New York that Damrosch and Ellis come here for a limited season only, as outside of Melba they will have with a few exceptions a very ordinary troupe, the singers receiving about \$50 to \$75 a week, being low priced German singers collected on this cheap basis to balance the enormous salary Melba is to receive, and which she certainly deserves. The Damrosch and Ellis Company will fit Philadelphia, and to a certain extent will please Boston until the latter city finds its bearings, when the critics will drive the company out of the town. Mr. Damrosch never could impress Boston; he never will. A town that has been exempted from the Thomas monopoly, and that has had Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch and Paur in one consecutive line, with a few nights of opera under Lohse, cannot absorb the Damrosch idea.

We can never have artistic opera in America so long as it remains a private speculation, and this will be the case until the American people, through the impulse of the press and the American musician, become impressed with the seriousness of the musical problem. Opera as a speculation is not only demoralizing, but it breeds intrigue and corruption and a national vice. Even the nomadic musician who comes in contact with it must suffer, and his contempt for America is derived from the nature of transactions that arise here in case the demoralizing operatic venture runs here.

In one section alone—that which comes under the head of the commission system—the evil must be harrowing. The poor devils, male and female, who

are hangers-on, constituting singers of minor roles, stage attachés, &c., pay a commission to the European brokers, then a commission to the agent here, then a bribe to get into this opera or that, and finally have nothing left when the season is over. They come in family groups, father, mother, son and daughter being employed in one capacity or the other, and the elements they are drawn from are not exactly those that can be found in the Queen's Drawing Room.

No one at present knows much of Mr. Grau's individual commission profits through the manipulation of the leading operas, either for the opera directly or the indirect engagements he secures for them. But that a vicious commission exists on both sides of the Atlantic, which is ultimately paid by the box holders and opera habitués, is certain.

So long as this private operatic system continues in America, conducted under foreign auspices, so long we shall have an absurd star system, commonplace and uneven performances, bad choruses, no ballet, shifting orchestras and anomalous scenic effects. We shall have as concomitants of these evils intrigue, corruption and nastiness, together with financial crookedness and failure.

MR. DAMROSCH OF PHILADELPHIA.

ALL mail for Mr. Walter Damrosch may now be forwarded to Philadelphia. We say "now" advisedly, for with the exception of a short opera season here of five weeks next January, Mr. Damrosch has practically been absorbed by his interests in Philadelphia. The city suits him; it is not so noisy as the metropolis; it is not so exacting in its tastes, and, above all, it gives Mr. Damrosch a chance to wield his baton at Willow Grove and in the Academy of Music, and be admired as "the rising young conductor and composer."

Mr. Damrosch, since the unfortunate death of his father, Leopold Damrosch, has been "a rising young conductor." Indeed, it is to be doubted if he will ever grow old. He may never completely rise, but he will always be "young Mr. Damrosch." The newspapers and accident are to blame for this. Neither of the Damrosch boys received a sound musical education when they were thrust—Walter, especially—into positions for which they were unprepared. While Walter Damrosch was conducting the Symphony Society and Oratorio Society concerts he should have been studying the rudiments of the conductor's art, instead of presiding at the head of a well-advertised but musically hollow organization. He has done all his practicing in public and the public has been the sufferers, while he can hardly be the gainer. He is an excellent musician, a studious composer and accompanist; but as a conductor he has not been a success, despite the powerful patronage of Mr. Carnegie, despite the opportunities for development, despite the public sympathy enlisted in his behalf by his father's sudden taking off.

There will be no concerts by the Symphony Society this season. Was there ever a Symphony Society? To be sure, we attended twelve concerts, more or less, every season, read carefully planned programs, read prospectuses containing names of prominent persons who lent an imposing air to the scheme, but was there really a Symphony Society or a Symphony Orchestra?

We think not.

We listened to much music indifferently rehearsed, indifferently performed, indifferently conducted. Last season there was a final spurt of speed put on, and at least one concert was almost above the mediocre. But the harsh truth must be told that despite the good material of composing the orchestra, despite its possibilities as an effective orchestral apparatus, the concerts given by the Symphony Society were not artistically a success, were not pecuniarily a success. The reason is that Mr. Damrosch lacked the personal magnetism, lacked the training of a conductor. No one could dispute his scholarship, but in front of an orchestra he was a figurehead, so far as getting the music across the footlights. He knew his classics, he knew his Wagner and his programs included ancient and modern masters. He brought us Tchaikowsky in the flesh, for which we were duly grateful, but when he gave

us readings of the Russian composer we felt the lack of temperament, of the sacred fire.

With choral music he was more successful, as his early training was devoted to this branch of the art, so we had in the Oratorio Society a fairly good singing group, but deadly dull in concert, and it must be confessed that Mr. Frank Damrosch has not succeeded in infusing much energy in the work of this society. The Damrosch brothers have literally permeated musical New York for the past dozen years. For one of them a superb music hall was erected, and about them buzzed the schemes of a legion of hungry speculators, rogues, people with axes to grind and the musical riff-raff of the town. Walter Damrosch had a certain fashionable vogue, and was in his element when conducting a small orchestra among the palms of a Vanderbilt musicale; but we ask him now, in his retreat in the City of Brotherly Trolleys, what has he done for art in this city? What cause has he advanced, his own, Mr. Carnegie's or music's?

It looks as if a negative must be returned to this question. He has done nothing for America or the Americans. He has obstinately refused to believe in the talent of American singers, has this young man of Posen, and for the past few seasons has imported a lot of worn-out and fifth-rate German singers for his operatic scheme, with the result that Wagner was simply made ridiculous. The absurdly cheap scenery, costumes, the wretched singing and acting of his organization, would not be accepted on the Keith circuit, where at least mediocrity is demanded.

We groan when we think of the vast sums of money wasted on Mr. Damrosch of Philadelphia. Imagine for a moment Anton Seidl in his position and with the Carnegie backing!

What wouldn't he have accomplished? Instead of that Mr. Seidl has been forced to conduct a band of mummies calling itself the Philharmonic Society and finally had to go abroad to receive recognition in London and Bayreuth, the recognition he never gained in this city.

We tax Mr. Walter Damrosch with nothing. He did the best he could, but his best did not do for New York and his activity was almost pernicious; witness the German opera which came to grief because of internal intrigue and dissension. He has ever thrust himself in the van of the movement in the place that should have been occupied by other abler and more experienced men. We repeat that the musical community has suffered because of Mr. Carnegie's recklessly spent money, as it did when Mrs. Thurber's million of dollars were wasted in insane operatic schemes. Better erect a home for incurables than throw money into the hands of the first passer-by who is clever at dollar catching.

In grand opera the history of Mr. Walter Damrosch's dabbling was the same. He rushed in where capable angels feared to tread. He conducted, composed, and from the prompter's box to the box office he was ubiquitous. Such manifold activity could result in nothing but artistic disaster. Mr. Grau speedily dropped the name of Walter Damrosch from his roster of conductors, when Italian and French opera came back—to fail. During the régime of German opera he was, by virtue of being his father's son, forced into an alliance, defensive and offensive, but usually offensive, with Mr. Seidl. Then he took the reins in his own hands and for three seasons has deluged us with bad representations of Wagner and cheapened art in a pitiful manner. We were forced to listen to yelling and grimacing and miserable *mise-en-scène* and forced to smile when we read of "the rising young conductor."

Now in 1898 we are threatened with another invasion of these tatterdemalions of art, these cheap German singers—singers who never knew how to produce a correct tone, or singers whose vocal glory has departed years ago. Mr. Damrosch has associated with, as a business manager, Mr. Ellis, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Ellis is not interested particularly in music, but he is in Melba. So Melba, a genuine singer of the old school, is to appear—a nightingale among the bullfrogs. The enterprising firm hopes to catch the crowd with Melba's Home, Sweet Home, and by this reversion to played-out Patti tricks close the public's eye

to the poverty and shortcomings of the company. It is all right—if you can compass it—for mercantilism, but where has flown your dream of art, Mr. Damrosch? what has become of those high hopes built on you ten years ago, when you really were "young and rising"? Better the sweet oblivion of Willow Grove than this peddling about the country of a tenth-rate operatic gang. It will not pay in the long run, mark these words well, Mr. Damrosch!

At least New York is to be relieved of the mauling music of the so-called Symphony Society, and perhaps, too, of the Oratorio Society. We wish the Philharmonic Society would go to the yawning graveyard awaiting it and give younger and better men a chance. Then New York might have an opportunity to compete with Boston and its splendidly equipped orchestra.

But to all intents and purposes, Philadelphia owns Mr. Damrosch, and we congratulate them both. There the alluring guarantee fund of the musically credulous still flourishes, and in that delectable region of Pennsylvania Mr. Walter Damrosch may wave his wand and be acclaimed a great conductor with a future behind him.

All hail Willow Grove and the vicinage. You have Walter Damrosch, who has at last deserted New York for its musical good, and who will continue "young and rising" until death do you part.

CONGRESS AND MUSIC.

A CIRCULAR issued by the National Conservatory of Music of America states among other things, in typewritten form: "The only musical institution in this country empowered by Congress of the United States to grant and confer diplomas, the degree of Doctor of Music or other honorary degrees."

This may be or may not be true, for in reality there is no difference whatsoever between the actual results or the effects upon musical learning or education in this country so far as the power of Congress enters into it. Congress may and Congress may not have empowered the National Conservatory of Music of America to grant degrees or to pay its debts or to do anything else; this is not the question we deem it necessary to discuss in this instance. All that is necessary is the statement that any school of music, any conservatory or college of music or any kind of a school of any of the many varieties can grant any kind of musical diplomas or as many degrees or titles of Doctor of Music as they wish without the consent of Congress and notwithstanding its consent or its refusal to consent. The Congress of the United States has no power at all to interfere with any monkey who would imitate the various schools of music that have issued diplomas by the cartful and distributed degrees of Doctor of Music by the bushel.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Thurber's National Conservatory of America, with its sixty instructors (nit) and its 668 pupils, into the category of concerns that are prepared to issue diplomas and the degree of Doctor of Music, and would suggest that the faculty of sixty instructors (it will be sixty-one when ever Dvorák returns) confer the degree or title at once upon Mrs. Thurber. Mrs. Thurber, D. M., might be mistaken for Dear Madam, Darling Maggy, Delayed Money, Devoted Margulies—or many other subtleties; but the chief question rests in the power conferred, which would be conferred even without being granted, but which gives to Mrs. Thurber the same rights other conservatories of music had before Mrs. Thurber thought that the same right did not belong to her.

What we would best like to see is that first musician who will dare to accept from Mrs. Thurber's school the degree or title of Doctor of Music and seriously use it. We promise that we shall abate not one minute until we secure his photograph, to republish his portrait in these columns as an evidence of the extent to which nonsense and humbug can be carried in our beautiful land in musical affairs in the very midst of us.

Mrs. Thurber knows that the functions of Congress in granting a charter are merely perfunctory, and that she has no claim that can from any point of view be considered valid to distribute diplomas or degrees beyond those of other private schools or conservatories. The announcement made by her is therefore a mere advertising dodge, unworthy of her

or anyone else who proposes to remain above the level of the ignorant musical riff-raff that juggles with the Art for the mere dollar in it.

However, so long as our musical life is to be controlled by such people as Grau, and the late Abbey, and the Damrosch coterie, and Ellis, with his Melba craze, and Thurber, no salvation can be expected; and there will be none until the people themselves will take a hand in the question, and one of these days the people will.

NORDICA DELAYED.

THE Maine Festival, to be held at Bangor and Portland under the direction of Wm. R. Chapman, will be postponed to two weeks later, as Nordica is not in condition to leave Europe early in September in time to get here. She will probably leave on September 24, which delay in sailing is unavoidable. The fact is that the favorite American singer is still too weak from the effects of her recent illness to attempt an ocean trip.

THE occult journals are devoting much space to music nowadays. *Intelligence* for August contains the first paper on A Nineteenth Century Mystic—The Secret of Richard Wagner's Genius, by Albert Ross Parsons, and no one is better qualified to discuss the exotic side of Wagner's music than Mr. Parsons. In *Theosophy* for August Mr. Basil Crump writes of The Dusk of the Gods, and August Nersheimer, an excellent amateur and mystic, has some interesting things to say of the art.

ROSENTHAL will not play in London until spring, 1898, when he will give his seven historical recitals, already advertised, but which were abandoned by the death of his mother. The great pianist will come from Gastein directly to America toward the end of October, and remain in Lakewood until the beginning of his tournee in the middle of November. He will then be heard in piano recitals only, but negotiations are now pending for a series of orchestra concerts in conjunction with Rosenthal, which will take place in the middle of March. Rosenthal is preparing some exceptionally strong programs for this country. Mr. Henry Wolfsohn, the artist's American manager, will also in the future direct his European tours.

THE professor of music of the University of Pennsylvania has taken up the fight inaugurated many years ago by THE MUSICAL COURIER. This appeared in the *Sun* one day last week:

Lecturing on Melody and Metre before the American Institute of Normal Methods, Dr. H. A. Clarke, of the University of Pennsylvania, "deplored the fact that hymn books are ordinarily compiled by the literary man rather than the musician, the result too often being serious misalliances between words and music." Perhaps the fault is not so much in the compilers of the hymn books as in the writers of the hymns. It can scarcely be maintained that the majority of English hymns are as a whole musical or poetic in a high degree. As a class they are rather deficient in rhythm and rugged of rhyme. There are some fine exceptions, but nobody can look over a half dozen collections of English hymns without convincing himself that a large number of hymns are indebted to the tune to which they are sung or to the fervor of the worshipper for most of their melody or charm. Compared with the splendid treasures of Latin hymnology, English hymnology is far from rich.

The Moody and Sankey religious slop should be dumped in the garbage heap. It is nauseating.

Rose Ettinger.—Miss Rose Ettinger, of Waterloo, Ia., returned to America on the steamer St. Louis on Friday.

Miss Ettinger, who is the pupil of Mrs. Clarence Eddy, and whose success as a high soprano has so often been recorded in the Paris correspondence to this paper, will return to Europe on the St. Paul on September 15 to fill engagements under Wolff's management, and for concerts in Holland, Moscow, Budapest and other places.

Rosa Greene.—Miss Rosa Greene, of Louisville, who has been singing with big success in England for some time, reached this country on Friday on the steamer St. Louis on a visit to her relatives. She will return to London in October.

Clarence Eddy Returns.—Mr. Clarence Eddy, the famous American organist, and Mrs. Eddy were among the passengers on the St. Louis, which reached here last Friday. Mr. Eddy will give organ concerts in this country until next January, when he will again return to Europe.

Mozart Club, Pittsburg.—The Pittsburg Mozart Club, of Pittsburg, will produce Hofmann's *Melusine* on November 16, The Messiah on December 31, and a miscellaneous concert on February 25.



A MAETERLINCKISM

(FOR PHILIP HALE.)

The peacocks nonchalant, the peacocks white have gone,
The white peacocks have shirked the ennui of the dawn;
I have seen the white peacocks, the peacocks of to-day,
But while I drowsed in sleep the peacocks stole away;
The peacocks nonchalant, the peacocks of to-day.
The indolent peacocks stir the pool where no sun shines—
(Never a sun at dawn or when the twilight divines)—
The idle peacocks fret the pool without a sun—
I wait, wait, wait—the peacocks of ennui
Wait, wait, wait until all days be done,
Await the dawn where no new light shall be,
Wait indolent—they wait the time without a sun.

VANCE THOMPSON.

BRAHMS was ever fond—oh, heavens! I have the nightmare; awaken me, for the love of Chopin!

I've written that fatal word Brahms so often during the past week the B font of the Blumenberg Press has had to be replenished, and I learn with sorrow that Mr. Finck has gone to the country utterly prostrated. Is it any wonder?

I purpose making a pamphlet and calling it Brahms on the Brain. Of course I shall dedicate it to the critic of the *Abendpost*.

Taking a mean advantage of 3,000 miles of water between us, Herr Otto Floersheim printed the following paragraph about the enamel on my technic: "Emmy Raabe, in the title role, had not a steady note in her throat, and her *coloratura* was worse than the RACONTEUR technic on the piano, which is saying a great deal."

Now, I never had the *coloratura* in my life—not even during my second summer. I can get an affidavit from my nurse to this effect. Besides, I never spoke disrespectfully of Otto's technic, his command of dizzy chords of the constipated thirteenth. I might sneer at his wrist technic, which is far inferior to mine in passages of double glasses, or in octave *glissandi* of Pilsner interlocking, but I shan't. I am generous, and then the weather is too warm. There is technic and technic—yea, all sorts, and I may be master of one kind. Who knows?

Just wait, Monsieur Floersheim, until I see you in Bayreuth, 1898. I will challenge you to a beer duel in Sammet's Garden, the vanquished one agreeing to blow on that crazy trombone all the motives from Bruckner's seventh symphony.

Hervé, the French composer, whose comic opera, *Little Faust*, is now the rage in Paris, began his musical career as an organist. When a boy he strolled into a church one day and persuaded the blower to let him try the organ after the service. He then improvised something wonderfully sweet and strange. The priest happened to hear it, strolled in, and was amazed. "Where did you learn to play the organ, my boy?" he asked. "This is the first time I have ever played it, Father," he replied. "Well, you had better apply for the post of organist here," said the priest; "there is a vacancy next week." The boy applied and was accepted.

Writing in *Cosmopolis* of Zola's latest defense of his artistic theories, Mr. Edmund Gosse thus describes the novelist's situation:

"Left alone, in this ebb tide of realism, a sort of roughly hewn rock giant on the sand, M. Zola finds himself misunderstood, insulted, abandoned. And in his isolation he is grander, he is an object of more genuine sympathy, than ever he was in the days of his overwhelming prosperity. Adversity—a very relative adversity, which does not affect the enormous bulk of his 'sales' and his 'royalties'—has been salutary to M. Zola; it has acted on him as an astringent. It has made him pull himself together

and practice his pectoral muscles. It has even had a favorable effect upon his style, which seems to me to be more direct, less burdened with repetitions, less choked with words, than it usually is. M. Zola is very angry, and wrath is becoming to him. He seizes his club, and glares round upon us. The effect is distinctly tremendous; he looks like Hercules, and sometimes a little like Polyphemus.

"To be serious, the reaction against M. Zola has certainly proceeded too far. It has become a shield behind which all manner of effeminacies and hypocrisies have concealed themselves, and, if he were the devil, it is time he should have his due. And nothing could be less like the devil than M. Zola. He is a strenuous, conscientious bourgeois, rather sentimental and very romantic, with a theory of life which has ridden away with him, and makes him believe that he ought to be squalid and obscene wherever existence is obscene and squalid. But the heart of him is a heart of gold, and any candid person who reads *Nouvelle Campagne* will see how unaffectedly the author is everywhere on the side of the angels. His very faults were virtues turned inside out."

The mishap that has befallen M. Rodin, the great sculptor, says a writer in the *Times*, has been a subject for great wrath in artistic circles. There is no doubt whatever of M. Rodin's vast genius. He is the only living French sculptor (I would not like to say the only sculptor in the world) who has caught the spirit of Michael Angelo's colossal conceptions, and is an artist in precisely the same sense as the great Italian master, with a talent hardly inferior. Recently the Rath Museum, at Geneva, expressed a desire to obtain one or more examples of M. Rodin's work, and through a friendly intermediary was able to purchase for quite a small sum—the cost of the bronze casting—three chef d'œuvres, The Mask of a Man with a Broken Nose, The Poet and The Crouching Woman. The last of these three, The Crouching Woman, was a sketch for the Muse of Tragedy, who figures in Rodin's colossal monument to Victor Hugo. The original in marble is in the collection of Mr. W. T. Dannat, the American portrait painter.

When the bronze casting of The Crouching Woman reached Geneva the museum committee absolutely declined to exhibit it, on the ground that it was indecent. Puvion de Chavannes, Besnard, Eugène Carrière, and Jean Paul Laurens took up arms at once, and forwarded to the sculptor the warmest expressions of their admiration for his work. Carrière, who is one of the soundest living critics of art, and yet the most incomprehensible of painters, summed up what everybody, except in Geneva, is agreed upon in this neat phrase:

"Rodin can only be compared with those who have expressed things most strongly in the history of the world. Like all the great masters, he has found a new form of expression outside of all customary technic. Alone, he has been able to generalize the lines of the human body and graduate according to its proportion of interest all that which renders sensible the invisible in life."

This ought to console the genial red-bearded giant and uncompromising artist that is M. Roden.

When a Hebrew financier of London was spoken to the other day about the scheme for restoring the Jews to the Palestine, he said: "I would rather be the Jew of the Kings in London than King of the Jews in Jerusalem."

Monkey musicians, some 3 or 4 inches high, imitations of the old Dresden make, are plentiful, but when you have the real thing these little figures have their value. At a recent sale in London one grand orchestra of china monkeys, sixteen in number, of real old Dresden, brought just about \$1,000. The Wedgwood Barberini vase, one of the fifty made by permission of the Duchess of Portland, brought 87 guineas.

The following passages occur in some recently published letters by Bizet, the composer of *Carmen*: "I am an eclectic. I lived three years in Italy, and I have been influenced not by the shameful musical proceedings of that country, but by the temperament

of some of its composers. My sensual nature is gripped by that fluent, lazy, amorous, lascivious, passionate music. By conviction I am a German, heart and soul. * * * I put Beethoven above the greatest, the most renowned. * * * Only one man was known to make music *quasi-improvisé*, or at least music that seems so—and he is Chopin, a strange and charming personality, inimitable, not to be imitated. * * * Mendelssohn, among other faults, treats sometimes his symphonic andantes as songs without words. * * * I have always noticed that the compositions the least well rounded are always the dearest at the moment of hatching."

An intimate friend of Brahms who lives in Rome, Herr H. Wichmann, has revived an anecdote of one of the composer's Italian visits as an amusing contribution to the discussion of the question why Brahms did not marry, writes Mr. Krehbiel. The anecdote was printed some years ago in a series of Roman sketches called *Ancient Types in Modern Rome*, the author's purpose in telling it being to present a sketch of his female cook, whom he called Mora, and in whom he recognized ancient characteristics. Brahms was a hearty eater, and particularly fond of Italian cookery, especially of *carciofi allagiudica* (artichokes in Jewish style), and *maccheroni con pomi d'oro* (macaroni and tomatoes). One day he and Dr. Billoth, the eminent Austrian surgeon, visited Wichmann in Rome and were invited to a breakfast *alla romana*. Mora did her prettiest, and the wine supplemented her efforts.

"That's the wine that Horace drank!" said Dr. Billoth, enthusiastically. Brahms' thoughts were on the viands he had just enjoyed. In an equally jovial humor as his friend, he raised the question whether it was not his duty to take back with him to Germany a wife who could provide so admirable a meal as Mora. "A fellow ought to marry the girl," he said. The merriment grew with each glass of Sicilian wine, and finally Wichmann, with mock seriousness, presented himself to Mora as a suitor for her hand in behalf of a great German artist. "Moreover, he is a musician," he explained, "and you surely are fond of music, for you sing about the house all day. What say you?" Mora's answer, remarks Wichmann, was classic. She looked at him, then at Brahms from top to toe, and with an energetic gesture replied: "Sono romana, nata al Ponte Rotto, dove sta il tempio di Vesta, non sposero mai un barbaro!" ("I am a Roman, born near the Ponte Rotto, where the Temple of Vesta stands—I never will marry a barbarian!")

"Bless my soul!" cried the shade, as he entered the golden gates, and they gave him a trumpet; "I never learned to play this thing!" "That's the reason you're here," remarked St. Peter.

As to the Florentine Machiavelli's literary merit, Mr. Morley thus eulogizes it:

"He has the highest of all the virtues that prose writing can possess—save the half dozen cases in literature of genius with unconquerable wings—he is simple, unaffected, direct, vivid and rational. He possesses the truest of all forms of irony, which consists in literal statement and of which you are not sure whether it is irony or naïveté. He disentangles his thought from the fact so skillfully and cleanly that it looks almost obvious. Nobody has ever surpassed him in the power of throwing pregnant vigor into a single concentrated word. Of some pages it has been well said that they are written with the point of a stiletto. He uses few of our loud, easy words of praise and blame, he is not often sorry or glad, he does not smile and he does not scold, he is seldom indignant and he is never surprised. He has not even the mastering human infirmity of trying to persuade. His business is that of the clinical lecturer, explaining the nature of the malady, the proper treatment and the chances of recovery. He strips away the flowing garments of convention and commonplace; closes his will against sympathy and feeling, ignores pity as an irrelevance, just as the operating surgeon does."

Havelock Ellis has spent some years in tabulating the references to colors in literature. Yellow is rarely mentioned in the Bible, and blue not at all. Blue is not mentioned in Homer; red rarely, but he

mentions yellow twenty-one times in a hundred. Since the Christian Era red and yellow are mentioned most frequently, but blue is referred to twice as often since the sixteenth century as before. Poe mentions yellow twice as often and blue about one-quarter as often as any of his contemporaries in the list. That the color sense is a late development is shown by the fact that the natives of South Africa can distinguish only white and black (which are not colors at all) and red. Blue they call black, and yellow red. Green they cannot distinguish at all, confusing it with yellow and red both.

A performance of *The Barber* was being given in honor of Rossini in the local theatre. While the overture was in full swing he noticed a huge trumpet in the orchestra, manifestly blown with remarkable force and continuity by a member of the band, but not a sound in the least akin to the tone of that instrument could he hear. At the close of the performance he interviewed the conductor and asked him to explain the purpose of the noiseless trumpet. He answered: "Maestro, in this town there is not a living soul who can play the trumpet, therefore I especially engaged an artist to hold one up to his lips, binding him by an oath not to blow into it, for it looks well to have a trumpet in an operatic orchestra."

Although you are in your shining days
And the tongues of the crowd
And of new friends are glad with your praise,
Be not unkind or proud,
But think of your old friends the most:
Time's bitter flood will rise,
And your high beauty fall and be lost
For all eyes but these eyes.
—W. B. YEATS in *Saturday Review*.

The death of the Duchess d'Alençon in the Paris disaster recalls some interesting facts in the life of this extraordinary woman. She was a daughter of the Archduke Maximilian of Zweibrücken-Birkenfeld, a side line of the royal house of Bavaria. The Archduke Maximilian was very democratic in his character and manners and insisted upon educating his children on a democratic plan. So unconventional was his method that it shocked Munich, and both he and his family were most unpopular with the people.

Besides Sophie, the late Duchess d'Alençon, there are several children of the Archduke Maximilian, of whom Elizabeth, the Empress of Austria, and Carl Theodor, the famous physician, oculist, and philanthropist, are the most widely known. All the children, however, for some reason or other, have attracted the attention of Europe at some time. The Empress of Austria was regarded long as the best horsewoman in Austria. She was a beautiful woman, and the Viennese still remember her tall, lithe form on a Hungarian thoroughbred, passing through the streets of Vienna or participating with the Hungarian nobles in a steeplechase. The Archduke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, high up in the Bavarian Alps, maintains a hospital and clinic on the shores of the lovely Tegernsee, to which he devotes all his time and attention. He is regarded as one of the best oculists in Europe, and his own services, as well as those of his assistants, are rendered gratuitously.

But neither the Empress of Austria nor the Archduke Carl Theodor, says the *Sun*, has attained to the notoriety of their sister Sophie, for she forfeited a kingdom, and on the eve of her marriage to a king lost the crown because of her frivolous flirtation with a young officer. The Princess Sophie was born in 1847, and at the age of nineteen was the most beautiful woman at the Bavarian court. Like her sister, the Empress, she had a magnificent figure, dark eyes and black hair. At this time Ludwig II. was King of Bavaria, being then twenty-one years of age. The King was of romantic character. He was ambitious and idealistic, a great lover of art, and one of Wagner's most enthusiastic admirers and protectors. His love of Wagner's music amounted almost to a passion. In this the Princess Sophie sympathized with the King. The common interest in music attracted them to each other, and soon the King became the constant companion of his cousin. It was not long before the Court perceived that the King was deeply attached to Sophie and that she seemed to reciprocate his affection. The enthusiastic nature of the King manifested itself in these days of his first love. He was

extremely happy, and wrote to his fiancée letters of the deepest tenderness and affection. The Princess was in the habit of turning these letters over to her father, and through his carelessness they fell into the hands of unscrupulous courtiers. One of them was addressed "To My Dearest Elsa," and is signed "Lohengrin."

Great was the preparation made for the royal nuptials. It was the ambition of the King to make it the greatest royal wedding of modern times. He was during all his life most lavish in his expenditures and a great lover of display. His castles are monuments of prodigality. All Munich was to celebrate the wedding, and the crowned heads of Europe were to lend pomp to the occasion by their presence. While the preparations were proceeding on a great scale, the King, without a word of warning, suddenly left Munich and, accompanied by two servants, went to his castle on Starnberg Lake. Soon afterward it was announced that the King had broken the engagement. At that time only very few knew the true reason for the King's action, and these few were so nearly concerned in the shipwreck of royal love that they were most careful to guard the secret. The wedding had been set for August 25, 1867, the date which was also the birthday of the King. Ludwig, however, forbade any celebration of the anniversary, and spent the entire day in the solitude of the Bavarian Alps. Only a few days before he had written to the Princess Sophie: "I thought I had your heart, but I know I never possessed it. You want my hand, but you care nothing for my heart. My hand and my throne go only with my heart. She who is to be my queen must love me truly. Farewell."

The rumors which were first whispered as to the cause of this love tragedy at the Bavarian court have since the death of the king been proved historical fact. While the king paid his devotions to the princess, and while she simulated affection for him, she secretly maintained a desperate flirtation with a handsome young officer named Hanfstaengl. Young Hanfstaengl was a son of the Councillor Hanfstaengl, one of the most versatile artists of Bavaria. So deep was the love of Sophie for young Hanfstaengl that she gave to him some of her most costly jewelry, and the discovery of these gifts led to the disclosure of Sophie's unfaithfulness. She was obliged to leave the court. Soon afterward she married the Duke d'Alençon. King Ludwig became a woman hater. He had lost all faith in the sex.

On June 16, 1886, King Ludwig committed suicide in Starnberg Lake. The death of her cousin deeply affected Sophie. She became mentally unbalanced and spent a number of years in an asylum at Gratz, in Austria.

I found this in the London *Musical Times*:

RUSSIAN RIVALRY.

Though critics say what I compose
Is generally good,
My name is one that no one knows,
Although you'd think they would.

Not one that ends in "ref" or "koff"
The present writer owns;
I wish my name was Goodenoff,
Unhappily it's Jones.

Glazonoff, Balakireff, some
Think very gifted men;
Liadoff, Rachmaninoff, come
Among the upper ten;

But at my name folks simply scoff,
It lacks Slavonic tones;
If only it were Goodenoff,
Unhappily it's Jones!

Tchaikowsky, now, they well may praise,
I could not rival him,
His music is no passing craze,
No fashionable whim.

But I might almost be a toff
In such exalted zones,
If only I were Goodenoff,
Instead of simply Jones.

Borodine and Korsakoff make,
In every sense, a noise
In England now; I can't mistake
What all the world enjoys.

Great bangs, like cannon going off,
And melancholy moans,
That I should do as Goodenoff,
But cannot do as Jones.

So for the future I'll be dumb,
Composing nothing more,
Because, you see, I do not come
From any foreign shore.

Nor will I play, unless at "golf,"
Or on the nigger's bones;
My name is never Goodenoff,
I can't succeed as Jones.

ENGLAND SUFFERS, TOO.

ENGLISH creative music was stilled from the time when the Italians and Handel invaded her shores. Who has succeeded Purcell? No one; and British music to-day is a melancholy imitation of Handel, Mendelssohn, Brahms and other Continental composers. She allowed her individuality to be crushed out by the foreigners, and if she ever had a genius for music—and it is only reasonable to suppose the land that produced Shakespeare, Shelley and Swinburne, representative dramatic, lyric and harmonic poets, had also the gift of musical expression—it was utterly stamped out by the outsider.

America, young as she is, is in danger of the same disease—the perishing of her individuality because of the foreign musical microbe. If we listen only to foreign composers, if we exclude native born singers and instrumentalists, what hope is there for the future of national art?

In summing up the London operatic season in the *Saturday Review*, Mr. J. F. Runciman, a critic of ability, despite his insularity, writes:

"The season is practically dead. I wish to say a few words concerning its unhappy career by way of a requiem. It came into the world with much pomp and circumstance, and we all wished it well. But on the very first night it made a lamentable mistake (fancy beginning the season of '97 with Faust!); it staggered from blunder to blunder, and only toward the end of its time has it shown any sign of ability to walk steadily on its feet. Its ambitions were higher than the ambitions of any previous season, and it has been less successful than any season I can remember in the attainments of its ambitions.

"The management had magnificent chances, and it has thrown them all away with a most exasperating recklessness. It gave one really first-rate performance—that of Tristan; it allowed an obtuse conductor and an obstinate gas man to weaken the effect of Jean's singing in Siegfried; it allowed gas man, stage manager and the silly Italians who played the minor characters to prevent a repetition of last year's success with The Mastersingers. So that no big boom was made with Wagner, although one of the biggest booms of recent times seemed practicable at the beginning of the season.

"Next the management took Mozart in hand, and, determined that we should hear pure Mozart—Mozart undefiled by the touch of the mountebank Costa; it bought a new set of parts of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and then, wildly incredible as it may seem, it actually permitted those new parts to be cut down to fit a score copied from Bevnignani's, a score containing all the stupid and impudent cuts and alterations of several generations of dancing master conductors. Whether the syndicate's money was or was not wasted on new parts of Don Giovanni, bought only to be spoiled in this way, is more than I can say; but at any rate Don Giovanni was given in pretty much the hacked and mangled condition of former years. Excellent artists, an excellent band and piles of money were wasted simply because there was no one at Covent Garden whose business it was to see that dull-witted conductors were not allowed to handle Mozart as he was handled fifty years ago—someone to see that Mozart was played as any accurate score shows he should be played.

"It is only too apparent that the dilettante syndicate was overawed by traditions; that, knowing little of its business, it allowed itself to be persuaded into artistic sins by people who knew less of their business than it did. Both Wagner and Mozart were spoiled for want of a strong man with the craft of stage management at his finger ends and a wholesome contempt for the Costa-Arditi-Bevnignani-Randegger traditions. Whether the syndicate will continue its efforts next year to keep moribund Italian opera from the final descent I have not heard; but if it intends to try again I hope it will have the sense either to get a competent man who will direct the artistic policy as cleverly as the business policy is now directed. If it cannot get such a man ready educated, then let it find someone and send him abroad—to Paris, Munich, Berlin, Bayreuth—to learn the business.

"One strong man with brains is all that is needed. I don't say he could possibly secure as good performances on the wretched Covent Garden stage as

can be secured at Bayreuth or even at the Opéra Comique in Paris; but there is a large number of faults he could eliminate at once. Here are a few points he might look after: (1) New scores and parts of all the stock operas should be purchased; the operas which are too long should be shortened by the omission of whole numbers; not of three bars here and five bars there in the Costa way; no number essential to the intelligibility of the story being omitted. (2) The principals should be compelled to settle every difficult point, every dispute, at rehearsal, leaving nothing, as so many things are left at present, in the happy faith that it "will be all right tonight." (3) A principal who "fluffs" his or her rival, or comes down to the footlights at the wrong moment (the right moment—which seldom occurs—to be decided by the stage manager at rehearsal), or does "business" not arranged for at rehearsal, or accepts an encore, should be first warned, and on repetition of the offence dismissed. (4) The chorus should be washed, the male portion shaved, and the whole attired in something more soothing to the eye than the present unheard of collection of rags and tatters; it should be rehearsed and taught all the "business," and everyone should be remorselessly dismissed who fails to do the business at the performance. (5) The working of the scenery should be rehearsed as carefully as any other part of the opera; every man should be given his post and fined if he leaves it; the present electric bells and boatswains' whistles which so delight the heart of Mancinelli should be replaced by a more peaceful mode of communication—for, after all, the scene shifters are not, or are not supposed to be, fast asleep, and in need of so rude an awakening. (6) The lighting arrangements also are sadly in want of revision. Some inspired idiot put a row of electric lamps among the footlights, forgetting that with them any gradation of the light is impossible, an incandescent lamp not being a thing you can turn up or down gradually like a gas jet. The electric lamps should be thrown-on to the nearest dust heap; proper gaslights should be put in, and the gasman should be taught how to manage them. Finally, the voice of the prompter should either be tuned or forever stilled."

Boston Music Notes.

AUGUST 7, 1897.

MR. JOSEPH EMILE DAUDELIN has just returned to town after a five weeks' trip in Maine, where he has been enjoying the cool weather. He will soon leave for Magnolia, to pass the remainder of the summer holiday time with friends.

Miss Mabel Wagnalls, of New York, gave a very interesting and artistic piano recital on Saturday evening, July 24, in the Andrews Music Rooms, Bangor, Me. Among the audience were present many well-known society people of New York, Boston and Baltimore. It is understood that Miss Wagnalls has appeared with great success as soloist with Theodore Thomas, and with Seidl's Orchestra, and her playing on this occasion was fully up to the highest expectations. Mrs. W. A. Nelson, contralto, and Miss Anna Warwick Clarke, violinist, also took part. The program comprised, among other numbers, Liszt's *Etude in D flat* and *Faust Waltz*, and Godard's *Romantic Concerto* for violin. The numbers allotted to Miss Wagnalls on the program proved particularly enjoyable. Her playing is always so intrinsically musical that it is equally acceptable at all times. A prominent musician who was present writes that "her rendering of the *Bourrée* by Zielinski was especially pleasing and possessed a great deal of individuality. In the Liszt numbers she showed her perfection of technic." The violin playing of Miss Clarke reflected great credit upon herself and also upon her teacher, Mr. Joseph Emile Daudelin, through whose efforts the musical was given; and her work helped to make the occasion the well rounded artistic affair that it was.

Mr. Myron W. Whitney has been spending his vacation at Megantic, Que., where he has had fine luck in his favorite pastime, fishing. Upon his return Mr. Whitney, with his family, went to their summer home, Plymouth, Mass., where they will remain until September 15. Mr. Whitney has not yet decided where he will locate his studio for the coming season, but due announcement will be made. In the meantime he is busy booking engagements for the winter in oratorio and in arranging hours for pupils who have thus early made application for lessons. Mr. Whitney's winter home is located at Watertown, the land of the estate having been in the Whitney family since 1684, when it was settled by one of his ancestors. Recently a new town park has been laid out in Watertown which has been named Whitney Hill Park.

Mr. Florio Landoman, 'cellist, formerly of Boston, who

went to Paris in 1893, and has ever since been a member of the *Lamoureux Orchestra* in that city, has been appointed after May 1, 1898, second solo 'cellist of the *Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra*, Arthur Nikisch conductor. Mr. Landoman will soon come to this country to fill an engagement with the *Philharmonic Orchestra*, of Pittsburgh, under the leadership of Mr. Frederic Archer the coming winter, until his departure for Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Hubbard, who are spending the summer in Europe, have had a delightful time in London, where they remained several weeks. Among the social attentions received while there was a dinner at Mme. Amy Sherwin's, whose husband, Mr. Hugo Gorlitz, was the impresario of the opera company of which Mr. Hubbard was a member in Australia. They were fortunate enough to be in London when the new opera *Inez Mendo*, by Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, was produced, and write most enthusiastically of it. Alvarez, the tenor, they were also much pleased with, and think he will make a success in America when he visits this country. Early in August Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard left for Paris, where they anticipate making quite a lengthy stay.

For the last three weeks the Eastern session of the American Institute of Normal Methods has been held in Sleeper Hall at the New England Conservatory of Music, and last evening the class of '97 was graduated.

There are thirty-one men and 148 women in the school, and about a dozen of the men and about sixty of the women were present in seats at the front of the hall. The president of the graduating class is Sarah Phelps, and the secretary Ella Holmes.

There was a short musical program, in which the simple and direct gave no place to the elaborate and gaudy. There was an orchestra composed of members of the school, and not less than seven of the violins were played by women, while one of them played a 'cello and another a cornet. The whole school sang, and there was a trio by the Misses Simester, Northrup and Swift, and solos were given by Miss Lillian Cate (with violin) and Miss Georgia Swift.

The episode of the evening was the delivery of the post-graduate thesis, for which the prize was \$50. E. A. Gowen, of Buffalo, of the class of '91, read the paper, which was on *The Educational Value of Music and How to Realize It*. Mr. Gowen made contention that most of the ills and griefs of men were caused by ill-governed emotions, and music was primarily a discipline to the emotions. It was mental gymnastics, and cultivated the mind in mathematics, alertness and divers other particulars, and was an ethical and æsthetic element in progress.

Sarah Arnold made a little speech in presenting Mr. Gowen's medal to him. The first grade synthetic certificate fell to Helen Thayer Bryant. Dr. Hugh Clarke presented the diplomas.

After the exercises there was a reception.

Miss Marguerite Hall was the soloist at the Lisbon, N. H., Congregational Church on Sunday, August 1.

Miss Agnes Everett, a pupil of Miss Clara Munger, is spending the summer with her mother at Sconset. Mr. Newell Whitney Mansfield, the pianist, will soon pay a visit to Mrs. Everett, when a recital will be given to the colony of Sconset cottagers, principally society people from New York and Philadelphia.

Miss Love Hawkins gave a successful song recital last week at Falmouth under the patronage of Mrs. Arthur Beebe, Mrs. Edward A. Febbo and Mrs. Agnes Minot.

Margulies v. Damrosch.

TESTIMONY of Leon Margulies, taken in Paris in his suit against Walter Damrosch to recover \$2,500 for services rendered, was filed to-day in the county clerk's office.

Margulies alleges in his complaint that he was employed by Damrosch to go to Europe in the fall of 1895 and engage a number of opera singers for Damrosch's Opera Company for the season of 1895-6. Margulies alleges that he engaged for Damrosch Klafsky, Ternina, Vollmar, Meiler, Gruning, Popovici, Putlitz, Alvary and others. He said that there was now due him for commissions and expenses some \$2,500.

The testimony filed to-day concerns his alleged agreement with the defendant.

Julius Lehmann, counsel for Damrosch, has filed an answer in which the defendant denies that he owes the plaintiff a cent.—*Evening Sun*.

Dead.—Agricol Paur, one of the first leaders of the *Liederkrantz* and a prominent member of the society, died on Friday night. He was born in 1824 at Weiden, Bavaria. He came to the United States in 1849, and soon after became the director of the *Liederkrantz*. He was the leader of the society at the memorable Lincoln celebration, when 2,400 singers sang at the City Hall. Paur was also the first to produce German opera in New York. The performance was given in the old City Theatre on the Bowery, and *Flotow's Martha* was performed. The funeral took place on Monday in *Liederkrantz* Hall.

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Saidee Estelle Kaiser.

THE cover of this issue is adorned with a portrait of Miss Saidee Estelle Kaiser, the well-known soprano of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Miss Kaiser comes of a musical family, her mother being a noted soprano in her youth. Miss Kaiser, who is American born and descended from an old German family, studied singing when very young with D. J. J. Mason, Mus. Bac., and under his tuition the development of her voice and musical intelligence was so rapid that she at once stepped into the position of one of the leading sopranos of Pennsylvania, and she was showered with engagements all over the country for performances in concerts, oratorio and opera; scoring unqualified success in each line of work as well as in church singing.

She has successfully filled engagements as solo soprano in all the principal churches, Catholic and Protestant, in that part of the country. So favorably has she become known in the musical world that she has also been engaged for the more important musical festivals, and during the spring tour of 1892 of Ben Davies and Watkin-Mills she was engaged to sing soprano roles with these artists, and her success was genuine and complete. Both artists have accorded her the warmest praise, and congratulations have been showered upon her by orchestra, chorus and audience on many occasions.

Her repertory is very large and embraces all the old florid as well as the more dramatic and difficult modern oratorio and opera roles, and in the latter she is equipped for such widely varied styles of work as *Marguerite* in *Faust*, *Juliet* in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Elizabeth* in *Tannhäuser*, *Elsa* in *Lohengrin*, *Isolde* in *Tristan and Isolde*, the *Bride* in *Dvorák's Spectre Bride*, and she sings with equal facility in English, Italian, French, German, Welsh, and even old Irish.

In 1894 she was engaged to go abroad as the soprano soloist of a concert company. Upon the successful completion of this tour she decided to remain abroad for further study in music and languages, and to that end entered the Royal Academy of Music in London, where she made her way quickly to the studio of the most strenuously striven for and most successful voice teacher of that noble institution, Mr. Nicholl, with whom she remained for two years of hard study, being selected meanwhile to sing at public concerts of that institution and was widely engaged for professional work in all the principal concerts of the metropolis. During this time she appeared with great success in St. James' Hall, Queen's Hall, Imperial Institute, Agricultural Hall, which is the largest hall in the world, and other places.

Miss Kaiser left the Academy after two years with a certificate from its principal, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, qualifying her as a finished artist and vocal teacher. But, wishing to pursue the study of voice development further, she made her way to the studio of Mr. George E. Thorp, the teacher and coach of Mr. Nicholl, her Royal Academy professor, and whose Thursday afternoon voice lectures, demonstrations and discussions have become such a feature of the highest London professional life.

Meanwhile she pursued the study of repertory under Henry J. Wood, conductor of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and Albert Randegger, receiving upon her return to the United States highly eulogistic letters from each of her professors.

Miss Kaiser has for three years also occupied the position as soprano soloist of the English Ladies' Æolian

Orchestra, the first and only female full orchestra in the United Kingdom, which has performed before the Czar of Russia, Queen of England, Prince and Princess of Wales, the King and Queen of Denmark and other crowned heads of Europe. In July, 1896, Miss Kaiser was again commanded to appear before the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark at a reception at Stafford House, the London home of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and she received compliments from all present.

She has been the favorite soloist at the monthly receptions of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House, London, and at those of the Viscount and Viscountess Horncastle, of Taymouth House, where she has been frequently engaged to sing with Rubio, court 'cellist to the Queen Regent of Spain, and with artists of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and she sang at one of these brilliant affairs before the Prince and Princess Cristoforos-Palacologue.

Miss Kaiser is versatile in her work, singing each style of music with real appreciation of its varying characteristics, each thing at its best. She gives to florid music its dainty touch, brilliance and spontaneity; to ballads, simplicity, breadth and sympathy; to declamatory music, point, breadth, depth, crispness and impassioned power; to church choir work, fervor, impressiveness and depth of feeling. She has a full repertory of all schools of florid music, English and other ballads, and all classes of German music, and she is so well equipped that she can give full recitals of Brahms' and Dvorák's *Lieder* as well as of the more well-known Schumann-Schubert, Grieg-Mendelssohn, &c.

Here are a few of her many press notices:

The soprano solos were intrusted to the rising young soprano, Miss Saidee Kaiser, whose sustained and executive work were alike irreproachable, and, although singing in conjunction with such artists as Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Watkin-Mills, her work did not fail to carry conviction and her success in her role was no less evident.—*Wilkesbarre Times*.

The soprano solos were sung by Miss Kaiser, a lady who possesses a very clear, high voice and who had repeatedly to bow her acknowledgments for the applause bestowed, especially after her rendering of the nightingale air *Sweet Bird*, in which the flute obligato blended well with the trills of the singer.—*Newbury (England) News*.

Miss Kaiser again demonstrated her fine ability to meet all requirements and sang with a grace, ease and artistic quality that deserved the encomiums that were freely given. She was especially excellent in *Rejoice Greatly* and the ever beautiful *I Know That My Redeemer Liveth*, which was so simply and beautifully rendered that its repetition was insisted upon.—*Scranton Republican*.

Miss Kaiser's voice is of great power, compass and flexibility, and she sang throughout the work in irreproachable style. The lovely *With Verdure Clad* and the more florid *On Mighty Pines* were equally well sung, and Miss Kaiser had repeatedly to acknowledge the continued recalls which greeted her.—*Newbury News*.

The most successful of the vocalists was Miss Saidee Kaiser, who sang Bemberg's charming *Nymphs and Fauns* with much grace and expression, and well merited the warm applause which followed her efforts.—*The Gentlewoman*, June, 1895.

Miss Saidee Kaiser, who sang Bemberg's *Nymphs and Fauns* with such charm and facility, was the most excellent of the vocalists of the afternoon.—*Musical News (London)* June, 1895.

Miss Saidee Kaiser has a brilliant career before her, and her clear, true voice was heard to great advantage in the solos of *The Earth Is the Lord's*, by Spohr, for soli and chorus, and she showed herself to be thoroughly *en rapport* with the broad Italian operatic style in *Nella Calma*.—*Army and Navy Gazette (London)*, March, 1896.

Miss Saidee Kaiser, who was the vocalist, used her charming soprano voice to great advantage in *Die Lorelei* (Liszt) and *Nymphs and Fauns* (Bemberg). Although she did not comply with the demands of the audience for an encore after her first contribution, she

favoured them by the repetition of a part of her second song, which was much appreciated.—*Musical Courier (London)*, March, 1896.

The vocal interest was supplied by Miss Saidee Kaiser, whose pleasing soprano voice was effectively employed in *Liszt's Die Lorelei* and Bemberg's *Nymphs and Fauns*.—*Daily Telegraph*, March 24, 1896.

The vocalist was Miss Saidee Kaiser, who, to a bright and telling organ, brings the sunshine of intelligence and style. Her rendering of *Liszt's Die Lorelei* was most sympathetic, and she sang Bemberg's tripping *Nymphs et Fauns* in such an engaging manner that she was asked to repeat it. ***—*Lady's Pictorial (London)*, March, 1896.

Miss Saidee Kaiser sang *Liszt's Lorelei* and Bemberg's *Nymphs and Fauns* with great charm and brilliancy, the quality of her soprano voice being most agreeable.—*London Daily Times*, March 25, 1896.

The "novelty" of the concert was a setting by Mr. John B. McEwen of the scene from Shelley's *Hellas*, in which the Indian slave is watching over the sleeping Mahmud. The part of the slave was sung by Miss Kaiser, a young American vocalist, who displayed a beautiful voice and much intelligence. We shall watch this young lady's career with interest.—*Musical Courier*, July 23, 1896.

Miss Saidee Kaiser sang several items of Dvorák, Brahms and Mülle, and *Der Hirt auf den Felsen* (Schubert), with clarinet obligato, was particularly pleasing.—*Musical Courier*, May, 1897.

The Princess of Wales and daughters and Prince Charles of Denmark seemed to greatly enjoy the high-class program set before them at the Duchess of Sutherland's on Thursday. Special mention must be made of three graceful songs from A Poesy of Proverbs, charmingly sung by Miss Saidee Kaiser, and accompanied by the composer, Lady Parkyns.—*Sunday Times (London)*, July 12, 1896.

A particular word of praise is due to the delightful manner in which Miss Saidee Estelle Kaiser sang some new songs by Lady Parkyns, aided by the tasteful accompanying of the composer.—*Whitehall Review (London)*, July, 1896.

The well trained soprano of Miss Saidee Kaiser was heard to great advantage in the difficult *Jewel Song*, from *Faust*, and Mascheroni's *For All Eternity*.—*Bristol Mercury (England)*, April, 1896.

Miss Kaiser's vocal contributions proved to be one of the great features of the evening, her finished vocalization in the *Jewel Song* gaining prolonged applause. Her voice is one of singular purity, and she sings in a delightfully artistic manner.—*Bristol Daily Press (England)*, April, 1896.

The three songs first given by Miss Kaiser—*Songs My Mother Taught Me*, by Dvorák, Brahms' *Sandmännchen*, and Schumann's *Er, der Herrliche von Allen*—were delightful examples, and were sung with real appreciation of their varying characteristics. The first-named, an especially difficult song, would have fallen flat without the superb handling that it received. Her voice is very sweet, and her phrasing charming. The *Throstle and Shepherd's Cradle Song* were equally well sung.—*Richmond Times*.

Miss Saidee Kaiser has a voice of phenomenal compass, her highest note being F in alt, and in the *Air and Variation (Proch)* displayed marvelous range and flexibility, and gave remarkably clever renderings of songs calculated to display powers that are certainly extraordinary.—*Newport (Mon.) Star*, October, 1894.

Miss Kaiser possesses a soprano of wonderful clearness and purity, and her rendering of *Rejoice Greatly* was the first item that thoroughly stirred the audience. In response to a demand for an encore, she sang *Come Unto Me*, from the same work. In the second part, her other effort, the *Arietta Valse*, from *Romeo et Juliette*, she was equally successful in eliciting the enthusiastic applause of the audience. It was really a brilliant effort—a tour de force in fact, and had to be partially repeated to satisfy her auditors.—*Newport Argus*, January, 1895.

Miss Kaiser not only possesses a most remarkable volume and compass of voice, but also that irresistible style of "staging," which wins the approbation of everyone in the audience. She sang *Bishop's Lo!* Here the *Gentle Lark* almost indescribably beautifully. It is, without doubt, no easy solo to sing gracefully, but it was mastered by Miss Kaiser. Too much praise cannot be given to the lady, as the feeling of the audience showed when they insisted on having the last part repeated.—*Glamorgan (South Wales) Free Press*, September, 1894.

O, *Légère Hironde*, sung by Miss Saidee Kaiser, was a wonderful performance, the difficult runs and trills in the contribution being overcome with apparently the greatest ease. Miss Kaiser possesses a highly cultivated voice, and sang very effectively during the evening, receiving well-deserved encores.—*Canterbury Press*.

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BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
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LONDON, W., July 31, 1897.

MR. GEORGE W. FERGUSSON has been engaged by the Carl Rosa Opera Company for several of the important baritone roles in the forthcoming season at Covent Garden. Mr. Whitney Mockridge also signed a contract with the company yesterday for some of the tenor roles.

Mr. Carl Ferdinand Sobieski, the American composer, who also has a fine tenor voice, with which he interprets his own compositions and those of others to advantage, is in London for a short time.

Miss Anna Williams, who has held a high position here as a singer in oratorio, gives her "farewell" concert in Albert Hall October 18, when she will be assisted by many eminent artists.

Mr. Georges MacMaster, an organist, who has been thoroughly educated and experienced in the French school, and whose compositions are widely played in England, has now settled in London.

Miss Fanny Davies left town on Wednesday for her holiday, and before returning will play at the Donizetti festival at Bergamo. The committee, of which Signor Pizzi is the head, has asked her to play a sonata with Joachim and a concerto with the orchestra.

Mr. David Bispham, after his successful season at the opera here, leaves next week for Bayreuth. He remains until the end of August, when he goes to America to visit some friends in the Thousand Islands. It is already announced that he will be principal baritone of the Worcester Festival, and comes to England for the Birmingham Festival the first week in October, returning to America for a concert tour previous to going with the Damrosch Opera Company, which opens at Philadelphia, November 29. Mr. Bispham has done much to introduce the songs of American composers to England.

Next week the National Eisteddfod of Wales opens at Newport, and bids fair to be one of the best that has ever been held.

Miss Ella Russell left town on Wednesday for Bayreuth, where she will witness performances of *The Ring* and *Parsifal*, returning to her beautiful home at Hendon about the middle of August.

In response to a cordial invitation from Mme. Cosima Wagner, Madame Eames will go to Bayreuth for the last performances of *Parsifal*, on October 9; immediately after which she will proceed to her home at Vallombrosa, near Florence, for the balance of her holidays.

Mr. George Riseley, conductor of the Bristol Royal Orpheus Glee Society, on Saturday afternoon, at St. Pancras Churchyard, performed the ceremony of unveiling a memorial to Samuel Webbe and of the renovated monuments to John Danby and Stephen Paxton. The West

London Choral Association sang Danby's *Awake, Æolian Lyre*. Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, the treasurer, then gave a short address. Danby, Paxton and Webbe were well-known composers of glees in the last century, and all three were buried in one part of that churchyard, although the exact spot where Webbe was buried was not known. Paxton's glee, *How Sweet, How Fresh*, was next sung by the choir, and Mr. Riseley afterward unveiled the memorial to Webbe. The memorial is of polished granite and bears the inscription, "Samuel Webbe, 1740-1816. Thy Voice, O Harmony," and the two first bars of this glee.

The opera came to a close Wednesday evening, with a performance of *Lohengrin* in German, under the conductorship of Signor Mancinelli. The most distinguished feature of the season has been the conducting of Herr Anton Seidl. When we consider that he took the band at the Opera, whose constituents includes some old musicians, who are there principally because they have played at the opera for years, he has done wonders. It must be remembered that his performances have all been in German, and that although the band has played a few performances of *Die Meistersinger*, they were not very familiar with *Tristan*, *Siegfried* and *Die Walküre*. We can thus see how difficult it was to get them to play according to his ideas. Again, when we consider the material he had to work with, he has done marvels, and nobody but a genius could ever have accomplished such fine work.

In speaking of orchestras, Mr. Robert Newman is the only man in London who, to my mind, goes about selecting his men in absolutely the right way. At the close of the present season each man was discharged, and all the best orchestral players in London were invited to play before him and Mr. Henry Wood, the conductor, so that they might select the best men for the different instruments. As a consequence they have been able to choose the best men in London; and no man is in the orchestra simply because he has been in it before, or because he is old, or for any reason other than that he is the best player, according to their judgment, on a particular instrument. This has resulted in quite a number of changes in the orchestra at Queen's Hall, and long before the end of the forthcoming season is reached we shall probably hear remarkably fine playing from this newly organized band. The men selected are all young or middle aged, and while recognized as good soloists will never try to play according to their own notions, as some of the older men do.

Reverting to the opera, I may say that Mr. Grau assures me that the season has been a financial success, and that tentative arrangements have been made for the forthcoming four years, and if everything is satisfactory he will have the position of managing director as heretofore.

It is expected that among the men singers who will come next year will be MM. Jean de Reszké, Edouard de Reszké, Dippel, Fugère, Ancona, Alvarez and Van Dyk. The management trusts that Madame Calvé will be here, and hopes also to have Madame Melba. Madame Eames has promised to come, and we shall probably also hear Mmes. Saville, Engle, Sapio, Reed, Meisslinger, Bauermeister, Brema, Brazzi. Frau Sedlmair hardly made success enough to justify her re-engagement.

BRITISH MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

Under the above title Mr. James D. Brown and Mr. Stephen S. Stratton have jointly compiled a very copious and comprehensive Dictionary of Musical Artists, Authors and Composers Born in Britain and Its Colonies. As the authors themselves say in their preface, the undertaking has been "animated by the desire to present the true position of the British Empire in the world of music." This is a most worthy aim, and we are pleased to be able to say that, after a careful perusal of this new and interesting record, we feel persuaded that such a praiseworthy and patriotic effort has not been made in vain.

To begin with, we find in *British Musical Biography*

a more complete and up to date notice of the most eminent of our native musicians than is found in other publications of a similar kind, where British work is generally cramped into limited space in order to make way for the registration of foreign talent. Again, a work such as the one under consideration gives opportunity for the bringing under notice of the much of that excellent and hitherto, perhaps, not sufficiently appreciated "provincial" labor in the divine art, which is such a power in the diffusion of musical knowledge throughout the British dominions. When it is remembered that over 40,000 persons are now making livelihoods by music in one or other department of the profession, the task that Messrs. Brown and Stratton have set themselves to perform is certainly not an easy one. That the lists presented are exhaustive is scarcely within the realm of possibility; but from the well-known ability and earnestness of the co-operators we feel confident that every exertion has been made to render the roll as complete as can be. Consequently as a book of reference as to contemporary workers it will be invaluable.

THE CHESTER FESTIVAL.

The Chester Festival this year has been, on the whole, a success, and a worthy rival or associate—in whichever light the relation may be viewed—of those musical gatherings which have enjoyed a longer existence.

The concerts are given in St. Werburgh's Cathedral under the direction of the organist, Dr. Joseph Bridge, who this year has worked earnestly, and to good purpose, in the threefold position of composer, conductor and secretary. An excellent orchestra, which included several members of the Manchester Band, was under the leadership of Mr. Willy Hess, and the chorus, a very fine body of singers, notably in the sopranos and basses, was drawn from the Bradford Festival Choral Society, the Leeds Choral Union, the Hallé Choir, Manchester, and the Chester Musical Society.

The scheme for the first concert on Wednesday, July 21, comprised the National Anthem; the Coronation Anthem; *Zadok the Priest*; Sullivan's *Festival Te Deum*; the first part of *The Creation*; Tchaikowsky's *Symphonic Pathétique*, and Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*. The first numbers were, of course, included for a reason too obvious to mention, but unfortunately the chorus appeared uncertain of the music, especially in Händel's anthem. The *Creation* solos were in the hands of Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Hirwen Jones and Mr. Dan Price.

The now familiar, but always deeply moving "pathetic" symphony gained additional pathos and intensity from the surroundings. Away from the glare and worldliness of the concert room the exquisite music seemed more than ever the outpouring of a soul in deep distress, and the intense hush in the cathedral showed that the audience was moved to an unusual extent. It was inevitable that Gounod's *St. Cecilia* mass should seem shallow and almost frivolous by comparison, and a wiser plan would have been to give the French work first, and so leave undisturbed the deep feeling aroused by Tchaikowsky. The solos in the mass were sung by the same quartet as in *The Creation*. Miss Anna Williams making a great success of the *Gloria*, with choral accompaniment.

Considering the frequent hearing which it has had in Germany, it is rather strange to find Jensen's *Journey to Emmaus* figuring as a novelty, yet it so happens that this symphonic poem has not been given before in England.

Händel's *Judas Maccabeus*, considerably abridged, completed the program for the evening concert. Two slips by orchestra and choir which marred *From Mighty Kings*, and the chorus *Hail Judea*, were blots on an otherwise excellent performance, the choruses being sung with great intelligence and care. Some special interest was felt in the début in oratorio of Miss Guila Ravogli, and although evidently not quite at ease with an unfamiliar language, she sang with artistic feeling and success. Miss Palliser,

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ROSENTHAL.

Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Watkin-Mills were the principal soloists.

The works chosen for the second day were Dvorák's Stabat Mater and Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, the concert in the evening being made up of miscellaneous selections and given in the Music Hall as a relief from the more serious programs.

There is no work by the Bohemian composer which is so great a favorite with English audiences as the Stabat Mater, and it has been given by almost every choral society throughout the country since its first performance in 1883. Both band and chorus were in particularly good form, the many difficulties being overcome with great ease. The solos were taken by Miss Palliser, Miss Guila Ravogli, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Watkin-Mills.

The Hymn of Praise was given with the smoothness attained by long familiarity, the solos being taken by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Foster and Mr. Hirwen Jones.

Friday brought Spohr's symphony, The Earthly and Divine in Human Life; Schubert's Mass in E flat; Saul, a symphonic overture, by Granville Bantock; Dr. Joseph C. Bridge's cantata, Resurgam, and selections from Parsifal in the morning. Elijah ended the festival on Friday evening. It will be seen that this scheme comprised two novelties, and a third composition which has not been heard for so long that it must almost rank as one.

Spohr's symphony for two orchestras has not appeared on an English program since 1843, and although it is interesting as a curiosity, it will not be much loss if it retires into obscurity for another fifty years.

In this symphony there is much that is graceful, much that is melodious and pleasing, but it represents nothing of the warring influences of spirit and flesh in man. The performance, with Mr. Akroyd, of Liverpool, as leader of the celestial orchestra, was more than good—it was fine. Schubert's exquisite mass ended the morning concert, the solos being sung by Miss Palliser, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. Hirwen Jones and Mr. Dan Price.

The next item for consideration was Mr. Granville Bantock's Saul, an excellent piece of work which will raise the composer considerably in the esteem of musicians. Saul's moody, restless nature is depicted, and an organ passage and Oriental dance may be taken as representing the coronation rites, but program music it is not, and does not claim to be. The scoring is rich and effective, and the composition shows considerable power, and will probably be heard again before long.

Dr. J. C. Bridge's cantata, Resurgam, is set to a poem by the Rev. Gerard Moultrie, and is dedicated to the composer's parents. It is written for tenor and alto soli, chorus and orchestra, and shows that it is the work of a skilled musician with originality and power. The climax is well worked up, but the finale is somewhat too long. Dealing with the triumph of immortality over death, the subject is evidently one that moved Dr. Bridge deeply through his filial love, and the emotion which is shown in the work is genuine and unaffected. In fact it is in this that its greatest merit lies, for it strikes home to the heart with a directness and simplicity that is far more convincing than elaboration. The solos were sung by Miss Muriel Foster and Mr. Hirwen Jones.

The Parsifal selection closed the afternoon concert and was most satisfactorily given, Wagner's music gaining by the unusual surroundings. The part of Amfortas was sung by Mr. Dan Price, the short parts of Gurnemanz and Titural by Mr. J. H. Ditchburn, and the tenor role of Parsifal by Mr. Hirwen Jones. The chorus of Knights was particularly effective.

This most successful festival closed on Friday even-

ing with Mendelssohn's Elijah, Mr. Watkin-Mills repeating many former triumphs as the Prophet. Miss Anna Williams sang the soprano part and Miss Guila Ravogli the contralto, her well-known dramatic power finding opportunity in the music of the enraged Queen. Mr. Hirwen Jones was again successful, and minor parts were taken by Miss Hilda and Miss Muriel Foster, and Messrs. A. Greenwood and J. H. Ditchburn. The chorus fully sustained its reputation of the week.

F. V. ATWATER.

NEW CATALOGUE OF THE NEW YORK COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THIS prosperous institution, of which Mr. Alexander Lambert is the presiding factor, has just issued its catalogue for 1897-1898, from the College Building, East Fifty-eighth street. The college is among the most prosperous educational institutions in this section of the country and is destined to make a national impression if its progress continues with the same force in the future that has been applied in the past. That Mr. Lambert proposes to follow his line of action is shown in the character of the faculty and the plans laid out for the coming season—a season that promises to be the most important in the history of the college.

Faculty Concert, Piermont College of Music.

AT the last concert given by members of the faculty of the Piermont College of Music, Piermont, N. Y., there was hardly room enough to accommodate the large and very fashionable audience that crowded in from all points on the Northern Road of New Jersey, between Jersey City and Nyack.

Indeed, Mr. George Lehmann, the well-known violinist and director of the college, has already demonstrated the splendid possibilities of this music school, and the public has not been slow to manifest its appreciation of the good work already accomplished.

The annexed program was well constructed from a musical point of view, and just long enough for a summer evening's entertainment. Particular interest was centred in the artistic work of Mlle. Rachel Hoffman, the Belgian pianist, and Mr. George Lehmann. Their ensemble work in the Grieg C minor sonata captured the large audience, and their respective solo work aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

The Æolian's accompaniments to Mr. Lehmann's solos, played by Mr. Vicente Toledo, were generally considered little less than marvelous, and the Æolian on this occasion furnished unmistakable evidence of the beauty and utility of this artistic and popular instrument.

The piano accompaniments, by Mrs. Josephine Wood, were all admirably rendered.

Following was the entire program:

Sonata for piano and violin, C minor.....	Grieg
Vocal, Page Song, from Les Huguenots.....	Meyerbeer
Piano, polonaise, A flat.....	Chopin
Violin—	
Berceuse.....	Godard
L'Abeille (The Bee).....	Schubert
Æolian, Tannhäuser overture.....	Wagner
Vocal—	
Since First I Met Thee.....	Rubinstein
Blubell.....	MacDowell
Piano—	
Nocturne.....	Grieg
Valse.....	Moszkowski
Violin, Rondo et Capriccioso.....	Saint-Saëns

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The Greatest Piano House in the World.

(From the London Pall Mall Gazette, July 23, 1897.)

"THE most expensive piano that we ever made," said Mr. Edwin Eshelby, manager of the London house of Steinway & Sons, to a Pall Mall Gazette representative, "was for a Mr. Marquand, of New York. It was made in 1886, and it cost £15,000." The price seemed of a rather staggering character, even after it was explained that the piano in question had been painted by Alma Tadema. Among the 89,000 pianos constructed by the great American firm there have been many of high price, but the fifteen thousand pounder stands alone.

In 1884 Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild bought one that cost nearly £2,000. The piano itself cost over £1,000, and an old Italian painting cost over £700. The painting was on the top of an ancient spinet. This top was transformed into the top of a Steinway grand. In many cases it is the decoration of a piano that raises the price to such magnificent proportions. The inlaid work upon some of the pianos made to order by Steinway & Sons is of the most beautiful and delicate character. The finest is done in Paris. The piano upon which d'Albert played last in London cost £1,000, principally on account of the decorations. Paderewski uses a plainer instrument. The great Polish pianist considered it curious that he was not asked by any member of the firm for a "testimonial," and probably on that account wrote that the Steinways upon which he had played were "wonderful and glorious."

The Mikado of Japan recently bought a Steinway grand, for which £1,100 was paid. He is the only crowned head who glories in the possession of a Steinway grand with a decorated case. All the pianos supplied to Her Majesty by the firm have plain cases. The Steinway piano is to be found in all quarters of the globe, but nowhere is it more popular than in England, and nowhere, perhaps, does it meet more competition of a high class. Mr. Alfred Rothschild, for instance, possesses seven Steinways, and every court in Europe has more than one. Huge as the business of the house is now, and perfect as all its arrangements are for making pianos that cannot be excelled, Steinway & Sons began life in a very modest way. The founders were Mr. Henry Steinway and his three sons, William, Henry and Charles. The youngest son, Albert, entered the firm afterward. Work was begun on March 25, 1853. Father and sons were practical piano makers, and with a few workmen they opened in a single floor in Varick street, New York. Their output in the first year was one square piano per week. Their pianos soon gained

The Attention of Practical Musicians,

and they brought £50 apiece. This was considered a high price nearly 50 years ago. In 1855 Steinway pianos were awarded the first prize at the New York State Fair, then considered of much importance. Four years later the first overstrung grand was made. This was a distinct departure in piano making. During the American rebellion prices rose rapidly and square pianos sold for £100 and more. Steinway grands sold for double this price. Even in those days the house of Steinway insisted upon getting its own prices.

In 1865 10,000 instruments had been produced; in 1870 20,000 had been reached, 40,000 in 1879, 60,000 in 1887 and 80,000 in 1894, and up to the present date 89,000 pianos have been issued. Thus it will be seen that the first 10,000 pianos took 12 years to make, the second 10,000

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five years (the first 20,000 taking altogether 17 years), the second 20,000 occupied about half of that period, the third 20,000 eight years, the fourth 20,000 seven years, and even if the present rate of manufacture does not increase 100,000 will be reached by the end of the present century. Taken one with another these 80,000 pianos will have netted at least £100 each, so that the production of 40 years may be said to exceed £8,000,000 sterling, out of which several colossal fortunes have been made. Steinway & Sons may certainly claim to be the only piano house which has produced 80,000 pianos in 40 consecutive years.

Two other well-known houses, who are at the top of the piano trade of their own country, were established in the same year, and the productions of both added together up to 1893 did not reach 80,000. Steinway & Sons also stand alone in the command of the grand piano trade, which for a number of years has with them exceeded that of the up-rights, and the demand for grands increases steadily year by year, notwithstanding the fact that the prices demanded for them are 75 to 100 per cent. higher than for other makers' instruments of similar size. In 1865 the two elder sons, Henry and Charles Steinway, died and their place was taken by their brother Theodore. He had great inventive powers, and turned his attention to making the instruments more solid still and improving the tone quality by eliminating all that interfered with the free production of tone from an acoustic point of view.

His first invention was the resonator of 1866, which consisted of compressing the sounding board by means of screws until it became tense, thus augmenting the volume of tone, in the same way that a drum or tambourine is acted upon by stretching the parchment. Other inventions of his were the tubular action frame, in 1866; the duplex scale, in 1872; the capo d'astro bar, in 1875, and the bent rim patent, early in the eighties. This bent rim has been followed by several devices for the regulation of the action, and by the treble bell, which unites the metal frame with the continuous rim; also by the application of the capo d'astro bar to the upright piano. The latter is the invention of Mr. Henry Zeigler, a grandson of the original founder of the house. Since the death, last year, of Mr. William Steinway, the business has been controlled by Messrs. Charles H. F. T. and George Steinway and Henry Zeigler. One great reason of Steinway & Sons' success has been the principle of selection of material. No parts are bought ready made.

Materials Are Bought in Large Quantities,

and all of a certain quality is selected, the balance being sold in the open market; and being able from their financial position to buy largely for cash, they are invariably able to sell the surplus without any loss, and sometimes with a profit. This selected material, whether it be metal, wood, wool for felt or leather, is then worked up into the various parts, and forms material that can be relied upon to the utmost. The wood principally used is rosewood. It comes from Brazil, and, like ivory, is growing scarcer. The logs used by Steinway & Sons are not cut from green trees, but from trees that through storm or stress have been flung into swamps. The action of the water brings out the rich, dark color. These old logs are, of course, far more expensive than green wood.

Other woods used are fine satin wood from the East Indies and kingwood from Barbary. The ivory for the keys comes from Africa and the ebony for the black keys from the same quarter. All wood work made in America swells in Europe. As Steinway pianos are made in New York, those intended for consumption in Europe are put together on this side of the Atlantic after the various parts have become acclimatized, so to speak. And when they are put together and stand ready for purchasers there is nothing handsomer in the piano line than a Steinway, and,

it goes without saying, nothing better. The works of the house are of gigantic proportions. The saw mill, metal foundries and hardware works are at Astoria, Long Island, just opposite New York, and separated from the latter by the East River.

In 1871 Steinway & Sons bought 400 acres at Astoria. The property has a water frontage of more than a half mile, and is only 4 miles from their New York manufactory. Each of the buildings upon this property is three stories in height and is constructed in a most substantial manner. There is a dock upon the property, and a basin 100x300 feet in size. This is constantly stocked with millions of square feet of timber. The foundry was especially built for the casting of full steel piano frames. The steel used is the same kind as is used in Krupp guns, more than one member of the house having been upon the most friendly terms with Herr Krupp. The metal frame is one of the strongest points of the Steinway piano. The piano case factory is 284 feet long by 60 feet deep. The drying house, another large building, always contains about

A Half Million Square Feet of Timber.

The machinery is of the finest and most elaborate character. In the timber yards there is seldom stacked less than 5,000,000 of square feet of the choicest timber. The Astoria factories contain machinery of 500 horse power. In the mill logs from 18 feet to 25 feet are sawed into veneers an eighth of an inch thick. Out of these veneers, after they have been subjected to open air and kiln drying, are made the grand piano cases. The piano manufactory is situated in Fourth avenue, New York. It extends from Fifty-second to Fifty-third street. It has a frontage of 200 feet. Two wings are 190 feet in length and 40 feet in depth. The machinery in the building is of 340 horse power, and there are 165 different machines. No fire is used in the buildings. Steam heat is used. The manufacturing business in New York employs 500 men. At the Astoria works 600 men are employed.

Steinway Hall, New York, is in direct communication with the manufactory, and the same may be said of Steinway Hall, London. The New York hall, which has a seating capacity of 700, may be more widely known than Steinway Hall, London, but ask any cabman in London to drive you to Steinway Hall and he will at once turn his horse's head in the direction of Lower Seymour street. The control of every department of the huge business is under the personal supervision of the members of Steinway & Sons. All inventions and changes in the manufacture of pianos and all other important decisions are the result of common consideration by the members of the house. To this harmonious co-operation a large proportion of the marvelous success which Steinway & Sons have achieved may be attributed.

Carrie Hirschman.—Carrie Hirschman, the young American pianist, returned last week after a long sojourn in Europe.

Jairus A. Dize.—Mr. Jairus Alvin Dize, of the Dana Musical Institute, Warren, Ohio, is spending the month of August in New York city.

Martina Johnstone.—Miss Martina Johnstone, the Swedish violinist, added another triumph to her long list at Bar Harbor, Me., last week.

Miss Margaret Hall, Mr. Schelling and Miss Johnstone were the soloists at the fashionable musicale given there by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hinkle. The guests were so delighted with Miss Johnstone's brilliant performance that she was engaged to play at the musicale to be given at the Keboe Club two weeks later, even before she had finished her encores. Miss Johnstone is passing a part of the summer at a Long Island resort.



MANHATTAN BEACH, August 9, 1897.

VERY LITTLE FAUST is still drawing well down here, and that may be attributed rather to the fact that people must be amused than to the merit of the play. There is much for the eye and little for anything else.

With the exception of Dorothy Morton, who is doing very satisfactory work vocally, the clever comedy of Richard Carroll, and a fair baritone of Harry Luckstone, there is little that would not be more satisfactory in pantomime. There Truly Shattuck would truly shine. However, after this play has been sufficiently tried on the fishes and the gulls, they may succeed in pruning it into something acceptable, for it would seem as though the material were there.

In the near future—the 27th, I believe—the Manuscript Society will give its annual dinner here. Mr. Penfield was down consulting Mr. Sousa concerning the program, which is to consist of numbers by the members of society, more detail of which I can give later. On the 22d the People's Choral Union, conducted by Mr. E. G. Marquard, will sing. It is expected that there will be 700 voices. Miss Martina Johnstone, the violinist, will play.

Last Sunday the vocal soloists were Miss Bertha Walzinger and Mr. Thomas McQueen, whose tenor has created quite a stir among those who have heard him. Next Saturday and Sunday Mr. Eugene Cowles, basso, and Miss Mary Helen Howe, a soprano from Washington, will be the soloists.

Last Wednesday there was an author's reading of Mr. Sousa's *The Bride Elect* given to the producing managers, Messrs. Ben D. Stevens, Klaw, Erlanger and Ben Teal, who will be stage director. The music was played by Mr. Isidore Luckstone and the book was read by Mr. Sousa. The production has been set for January 1. Mr. Sousa will personally direct the rehearsals through December. The company is being formed and Miss Alice Judson has one of the principal roles. Ernest Gros is now working on the scenery.

I append the program of Friday, when the new song of Albert Mildenberg received its premiere. Mr. Mildenberg's work was well placed in charge of Messrs. Pryor and Hell, for they gave it superbly and the orchestration brought out fully all the beauties of the fine harmonies in which Mr. Mildenberg's work abounds. It was a decided success, eliciting several encores and was a gratification to the large delegation who went to Manhattan to hear it. Luckhard & Belden, his publishers, have it on the market this week.

Mr. Sousa has, in addition to everything else, an exceptional talent for program making, and places America in rank and file with Germany, Italy, France, and does not

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label it with a yellow flag for fear of contagion and present it all by itself and exclude it on all other programs. We would be in better condition musically if all those in power had Mr. Sousa's breadth of thought.

Overture, Das Modell.....Suppe
Second Norwegian Rhapsody.....Evensen
Mosaic, Cavalleria Rusticana.....Mascagni
Song for trombone and fluegelhorn, I Love Thee (new)...Mildenberg
Messrs. Arthur Pryor and Franz Hell.
Night Scene from Tristan and Isolde.....Wagner
Suite, Scene de Peerie.....Massenet
Entr'acte.....Gillet
March, The Stars and Stripes Forever.....Sousa
Gems from Falstaff.....Verdi
March, Semper Fidelis.....Sousa

At Prospect Park, last Sunday, Mr. Edward A. Kent again elicited much and prolonged applause for his powerful presentation of Celeste Aida, and as answer to an insistent encore gave Then You'll Remember Me.

Mr. Kent's tenor voice has made an instantaneous hit with the people, and in two appearances has been talked of more than many who are before the public for a very long time.

The appended programs with Mr. Shannon at the baton were given with very much success by the Twenty-third Regiment Band:

Overture, Stradella.....Plotow
Mosaic, Bohemian Girl.....Balfe
Picollo solo, selected.....Petit
Mr. F. Petit.

Graceful Dance, from Henry VIII.....Sullivan
Songe d'Amour, Apres le Bal.....Czibulka
March, Golf Club.....Barker
Characteristic, Life of a Gypsy.....Le Thiere
Caprice, The Butterfly.....Bendix
King of France, from Sousa's Three Quotations.....Sousa
Voyage in a Troop Ship.....Michaelis
Dedicated to the Second Naval Battalion.

Finale to William Tell Overture.....Rossini
Hail Columbia.

Overture Symphonique, Robespierre.....Litoff
Grand fantasia from Pagliacci.....Leoncavallo
Trombone solo (selected).....Zimmermann
Mr. A. L. Zimmermann.

Narcissus, from Water Scenes.....Nevin
March, Boston Tea Party (new).....Pryor
Sonata Pathetique.....Beethoven
Rhapsody Hongroise No. 2.....Liszt
Entre'acte, La Colombe.....Gounod
Reminiscences of Wales.....Godfrey
Solo for tenor, Celeste Aida.....Verdi
Mr. Edward A. Kent.

Packeltanz No. 1.....Meyerbeer
Doxology, Old Hundred.

Mrs. Sousa and family have returned to Manhattan after a few weeks spent in the mountains.

Mr. Robert Thallon was a visitor here this week, which means that he did not go to Europe.

Among professionals down here were Roland Reed, Miss Rush, Caroline Miskel Hoyt, Ernest Bial, Emil Katzenstein, Rudolph Aronson, E. E. Rice, Oscar Hammerstein and very many others.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Inez Grenelli.—Mile. Inez Grenelli, is sojourning for the summer at the house of Dr. Kite, Milton, Mass.

Banner-Levy.—The marriage is announced for next Wednesday, August 18, at 641 Lexington avenue, city, of Mr. Michael Banner, the violinist, to Miss Julie Levy, accompanist. Miss Levy is the daughter of Mrs. Louise Levy. The couple sail for Germany on the steamship Palacia on August 21.



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OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

"Impresario."
Merchon & Co.
Mme. Marie Van Duyn.
Arthur Clark.
Blanche Wallace.
Mme. G. Valda.
Madame Diana.
Miss Hanley.
Miss Herman.
Mr. W. H. Hall.
Mr. H. B. Warner.
Mr. J. R. Fairland.
Eugene Cowles.
Signor Tagliapietra.
Alfred Doren.
Wm. N. Wadsworth.
C. Voorhees.
Alfredo Doria.
Jack Waters.

MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Mrs. C. L. Kellogg-Strakosch.
Miss Emma Juch.
Mr. F. X. Arens.
Mrs. S. S. Whittemore.
Mrs. Eleanor Meredith.
Mlle. Marie Barna.
Mr. Walter Damrosch.
Madame F. R. Medini.
Mrs. Aylward.
Dr. Gerrit Smith.
Jules Massenet.

Toledo Auditorium.—It is a pleasure to note the restoration of the Auditorium at Toledo, Ohio, to its original use—a recital hall for purely high class music and lectures. Originally built for this purpose, it was (for season 1895-6) transformed into a vaudeville theatre, from which Miss Ella L. Hamilton has rescued it, and proposes placing it on a footing with the best recital halls in the country.

The Auditorium was built with great attention to its acoustic properties, being elliptical in form as well as section, and in consequence the detonation of the sound waves are equal in all parts of the house. Its decoration of cream and gold is particularly pleasing, and the central location makes the hall easy of access from all parts of the city, whose people often test its 900 seating capacity.

As is well known, Toledo is the only city of its size in the country which has a musical clientele large enough to support the best artists, and with a house devoted entirely to musical interest it can well take first rank among the artistic musical centres.

Quintano.—Giacomo Quintano, the Italian violinist, received an ovation by 5,000 people in the auditorium of the Ocean Grove Musical Festival recently. A magnificent chorus of 400 voices applauded, too. The Asbury Park Daily Press, of August 4, printed the following:

The violinist, Signor Giacomo Quintano, scored a decided success. Some fine violinists have played in this great auditorium, but no one who comes near in artistic ability to Signor Quintano. On his first number, Rhapsodie Hongroise, he completely captured his audience and held them as if spellbound. He was enthusiastically recalled, and still the third time he had to appear. He is an artist of great ability.

The Philadelphia Times says recently:

The Rhapsodie Hongroise, by Hauser, and the Cavatina, as interpreted by the soulful chords of Signor Giacomo Quintano's violin, will make this artist a favorite with Ocean Grove audiences in the future.

The Daily Journal says:

Signor Quintano, the violinist, carried the audience into the altitudes of enthusiasm.



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MUSICAL COURIER

TRADE EXTRA.

This paper publishes every Saturday The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA, which is devoted to musical instruments and to general information on topics of interest to the music trade and its allied trades.

The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA is especially adapted for the advertising of musical instruments of all kinds, as it reaches all the firms in the music trades of America.

Sherwood at Chautauqua.

Mr. William H. Sherwood gave yesterday at 5 o'clock in Higgins' Hall the third of his practical talks upon piano playing. The subject for discussion was touch and expression, and it was illustrated by a number of selections from both the older and the modern composers. Mr. Sherwood, in these illustrative piano talks, really gives a first-rate lesson upon the higher branches of the musical art. They are exceedingly practical and show an insight into the meaning of music and a degree of technical skill in illustrating the meaning of the analysis of the music that is indeed rare. No piano player, no musician here in Chautauqua, should fail to hear these masterly studies of the piano given by a man who is not alone a past master of his instrument, but a musician of the most complete and thorough education and a poetic and sympathetic interpreter of his art.—Chautauqua Assembly Herald, July 31.

The musical department of the assembly has from the very beginning occupied a plane of the highest excellence. The Sherwood Quartet, originally organized in 1896 to accompany Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, the pianist, on concert tours, was the first musical attraction. The quartet is composed of Miss Jenny Osborn, soprano; Miss Mabelle Crawford, contralto; Mr. Frank S. Hannah, tenor, and Mr. Wm. A. Derrick, basso. Each member is a thoroughly trained soloist, and the three years of constant practice as a quartet has given that precision of attack, delicacy of shading and harmonious blending of voices which come only as the result of a protracted musical relationship.

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood began his work this season July 12. Mr. Sherwood is unquestionably one of the greatest pianists that America has ever produced. This year his playing seems better than ever.—Chautauqua Herald, July, 1897.

The musical events at Chautauqua this season have attracted more patronage from this city than during some previous years—on account of better facilities of reaching the grounds and return, especially on evenings. This afternoon a grand program will be offered, and another one Saturday evening, meriting the attendance of this city's musical element, especially the young people who desire to be in the procession.

The star feature in the Chautauqua, of course, has been the playing of W. H. Sherwood, America's greatest piano virtuoso, and whose ripe genius is now more present than ever before in the opinion alike of critics and public. Our Harry Fellows has also appeared to great advantage, and is evidently a high card in the royal flush of musical stars which the management evidently holds this season. A pleasant incident the other night at Celoron was the visit of Rodgers' Band from Chautauqua, who warmly approved the art of Director Gage and his aggregation.—Morning News, Jamestown, N. Y.

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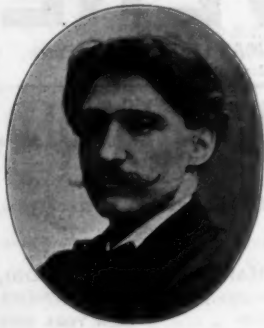
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HENRY WARD BEECHER, speaking in the loose manner of a popular preacher, declared once:

"If all Europe came here we should not have people enough for the soil."

Not even the most uncritical publicist would talk in that way now. The country is fairly well populated. Those spaces which are yet uninhabited are more desolate than the wilderness toward Diblath, whereon Ezekiel looked despairingly.

This press of population would be well and good had the Government under which we live been shaped with such a condition in view. Unfortunately the Government—diffuse, shapeless, unaristocratic—is powerless to control the tendencies of the day; it cannot effectively check the greed of the unintelligent rich; it cannot smother the despair of the unintelligent poor.

And yet it would seem that a sort of luck fights for this shambling, amorphous Government. When it is at its worst pinch, when unjust and ridiculous legislation has stirred the weak freeman to the point of revolt; when the old democratic policy of fostering the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good has been carried to the extreme; when the whole nation is holding its nose over political corruption and legislative jobbery—then this grotesque sort of luck comes to the rescue.

Was it mere luck—or was it the All-Wise Providence—that loosed the Klondike mania?

Whether luck or the all-wise Providence, it was a timely loosing. The free and equal American citizen was absolutely getting his eyes open. Now questions of land and labor are quite forgotten. There is none so poor as do them reverence. All men, children and women are bending what minds they have to a consideration of Klondike and the gold that is to be got out of placer mining. The man who goes to Alaska to wash for gold is praiseworthy. Mere pluck, though not in the least sublime, is always praiseworthy. And the tin-pail miner who sets out for the Yukon is only exercising the most precious right of a freeman—that of making an ass of himself.

It is always pleasant to offer disinterested (and unsolicited) advice about matters that are not one's own business; still THE COURIER has no advice to offer—not even to the pluckless gold seekers who stay at home and tempt fortune by investing in the hundred and one wildcat Klondike companies. Probably no more barefaced swindle has been attempted since the days of the South Sea Bubble, but if people want to buy \$5 shares in "promises," while they might profitably invest their money in "gold bricks" or "green goods," these people are acting quite within their rights.

To the quiet observer the interesting feature of all this Klondike sensation is the apt aid it has given to the political masters of the hour. The wail for "prosperity" is heard no more. The woes of the congested cities are forgotten. The laborer has laid aside the question of his "slavery."

All the political and social troubles of the hour are obliterated in the Klondike *mirage* which has risen over the country.

It is a rare stroke of luck.

PUBLIC APPRECIATION OF THE HON. WHITELAW REID.

(From the Haddonfield Tribune.)

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid has been called hard names on more than one occasion, but we never heard it said he was a fool. The latter word, however, will about fit him should the rumor prove true that he expects to be Secretary of State. He doesn't possess brains enough to carry on a diplomatic correspondence between Haddonfield and Collingswood, and the best thing he can do is to devote his talents to telling readers of his New York paper what a fine impression he made in England while representing the United States as Ambassador Extraordinary (Limited) to Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Tea Party. Further than this Mr. Reid's mental capacity cannot go.

THIS quotation appeared in the New York *Sun* of last Monday, and is one of the many statements that have recently been published in that paper aimed against Whitelaw Reid. It appears that the bitter and acrimonious articles against Reid are based on personal feelings, for Reid and Dana are both Republicans, Dana being the most unselfish, as he has never had any reward from the party, and, under the peculiar circumstances, cannot expect any, whereas Reid has been rewarded with the Ambassadorship to France, with the recent special mission to Britain as Envoy to the Queen's Jubilee, besides having been the running mate with Mr. Harrison when the latter was defeated for the Presidency.

Mr. Dana is therefore personally hostile to Reid personally, and frequently has hinted at a dark crime that is said to have been committed in the *Tribune* business against the late Horace Greeley, a crime that drove Greeley to the insane asylum and to death, while at the same time it gave Whitelaw Reid

the control of the paper. In the interest of American journalism, and this would signify, to some extent at least, American literature, Mr. Dana, who is as thoroughly equipped as the next man in all the details of this peculiar history of the *Tribune* and its founder, as well as the story of the succession, should not delay a complete explanation of the object and purport of his allusions, or, if not inclined to tell what he knows, he should at once desist from further insinuations against the character of Whitelaw Reid. This conduct would embrace the very principles he is constantly advocating in the *Sun*, which denounces guesswork and hypocrisy in unmeasured terms. If the *Tribune* was acquired from old Mr. Greeley by Reid in an underhand or criminal manner, and Mr. Dana has the evidence in his possession to prove such a charge against anyone, it is his duty to come forward and tell all he knows; if he is only guessing, it is about time for him to desist, unless he feels as if it were the proper thing for him to make himself ridiculous in his remaining years of activity.

DEATH OF MARIE SEEBACH.

MARIE SEEBACH, one of the best known actresses of the German stage, died on Monday of last week at St. Moritz, in the Engadine, after a short illness, says the *Sun*. She had retired permanently from the stage three years ago, when she gave a farewell performance at the Royal Theatre in Berlin. For several years previous to that she had appeared only at rare intervals, and her return to the stage was intended as a formal indication of her abandonment of the art in which she had become so illustrious. She was sixty-three years old at the time of her death, and had accumulated a fortune large enough to enable her to erect a home for the needy members of her profession. This institution she founded in Weimar four years ago, and she gave it an endowment fund of \$30,000. The later years of her life were passed at Weimar and in Berlin.

Frau Seebach was born at Riga in 1834. Her father was an artist, and as a child it was decided that she should undertake the stage as her profession. The first field for which she prepared herself was the operatic stage, and her early girlhood found her a pupil of the Conservatory at Bologne. But her voice disappointed expectations, and she commenced her life in the theatre as a soubrette. She was successful enough in that line of work at Lübeck, Dantzic, Cassel and other North German towns. Her first attempts at the serious drama were made at Hamburg in 1852, and her success from the outset was great enough to establish her reputation as one of the foremost actresses of her time.

At the Thalia Theatre in Hamburg she remained for two years, and when in 1854 Director Laube of the Hofburg in Vienna introduced her at his theatre her fame spread beyond the boundaries of her own country. Previous to this she had been highly praised in Munich, and, although only twenty years old, she stood then at the head of her profession. Her next permanent employment was at the Court Theatre in Hanover, a stage of more importance at that time than it is to-day. It was an important move in her life, for Albert Niemann, the famous Wagnerian tenor, was singing there at the time. In 1859 they were married, and when he was called to the Royal Opera in Berlin, in 1868, she accompanied him, having appeared since her marriage as Seebach-Niemann, and, without attaching herself regularly to any theatre, lived in Berlin and appeared "as guest" in the chief cities of Germany.

In 1868 she was divorced from her husband, resumed her maiden name, and played in Russia, Holland and the United States. Niemann was, in 1870, married to Hedvig Raabe, also an eminent German actress, who still bears his name. After her return from this country in 1871, Frau Seebach continued to travel through Germany and Austria until 1886, when she became permanently a member of the company at the Royal Theatre in Berlin. She had already abandoned the youthful roles in which her reputation as a tragedienne had first been made, and the "mothers' parts" were the ones with which she became associated. She had been a famous *Juliet*, *Ophelia*, *Desdemona* and *Louise*—in Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe"—in the earlier years of her career, and her later triumphs were as *Lady Macbeth* and *Marie Stuart*.

In 1893 she was seriously injured in the streets of Berlin, and it was never expected that she would recover from the effects of the accidental fall under the wheels of a heavy wagon. But she was subsequently able to take her farewell from the stage in the autumn of the following year.

Two illustrious actresses, the most famous in the two largest German cities, have died within a short time. Only a few weeks ago Vienna lost the beloved Charlotte Wolter, and Berlin is now mourning Seebach.



CHARLES J. RICHMAN sails to-day for London to join Mr. Daly's company. He looks in the pink of condition, and is still Mr. Daly's leading man despite the mysterious gossip about being superseded by Cyril Scott.

Harry Dixey stood at the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway last Wednesday and watched the cable cars whizz by Dead Man's Curve. A grave, genteel old gentleman approached him and asked:

"Young man, I want to go to University place." The imperturbable Dixey took out his watch and said in a polite but warning tone:

"You may go; but, remember, you must return here in twenty minutes."

The rage of the elderly party was something awful to see. He swore harder than Uncle Toby and the army in Flanders. Mr. Dixey moved southward.

Of course the answer was Thackeray's to the Bowery boy. History repeats itself.

One day at the Lambs Club Maurice Barrymore remarked that he had finished a play, Roaring Dick & Co., in one week. "Gus" Thomas softly remarked:

"You must have loafed lots, Barry!"

The Arabians evidently do not believe in the high salary crime. Read this from the *Sun*:

A paragraph was published in an Arabic journal, referring to Mme. Adelina Patti, wherein it was stated that she derived by her singing a yearly income of several thousand pounds. The blue pencil was hastily dashed across the lines; the reason adduced being that such news would "disturb the souls of the moral and loyal female subjects of 'The Finest Pearl of the Age.'"

Out in Atchison, Topeka, a large steam whistle announces that curfew has rung and the "kids" have to vacate the street. Of course the key is A minor. The overtones, you know, give the triad. Rot!

The Rev. J. L. Hertzfeld, a converted Jewish rabbi, says that there are now three times as many Jews in Palestine as returned with Ezra and Nehemiah. "The Jews," he says, "will soon erect a temple in Jerusalem, and will establish the sacrifices of old. I received a letter from my home a short time ago in which they tell me of a meeting with an English lady who was studying art and sculpture in Milan. She said that while in Milan she entered one of the largest workshops, and saw there a magnificent pillar. She asked them about it, and they told her that it was for the new Temple of Jerusalem. In Rome she also saw another pillar which was being finished for the temple. It may be possible that some of the influential Jews are quietly preparing for the erection of this temple. The time is fast approaching when Palestine will be wholly peopled by the Jews. The Sultan is in dire straits for money, and may sell the country to them at any time. When that comes to pass, I believe that the ten tribes of Israel will be gathered there from all parts of the world."

Fancy Oscar Hammerstein running a big roof garden in the new Jerusalem and brother Nordau reading papers on Hebraic degeneration!

The English newspapers criticize the English performance of Secret Service unfavorably. The *Morning Post* says: "The charm of reticence and delicacy of treatment, due to the subordination of one part to another, so noticeable in the American company, has almost entirely vanished, and in its place we are given the glare of crudity and the noise that unhappily mar our native productions."

If actresses and others desire to come before the public prominently all they have to do is to announce that they purpose Klondiking next spring. Even the most suspicious copy cutting editors fall into the trap.

If you teach negroes music in Nashville the "Whitecaps" tar and feather you. Sweet people!

There is a protest against the new Salvation Army "yell," which includes the name of Jesus. This is merely the outcome of the vulgar, barbarous religion, only fit for weak-minded people. Send them all up the Yukon and let them yell their blooming heads off!

Augustus Pitou has returned from the Adirondacks, where he has been sojourning, and is already busy preparing for this season's productions. Chauncey Olcott begins his tour early next month, and *The Cherry Pickers* will also be sent on the road. Cumberland 61, the new play for this year, will be presented at the Fourteenth Street Theatre October 18.

Harry Mann, the manager of the Knickerbocker Theatre, has arranged with a firm of decorators to decorate the dressing rooms of that theatre in international colors for the engagement of the English In Town company. This is a return compliment to this company for the courtesies extended to the Secret Service company in London. The dressing rooms of Mr. Gillette's company at the Adelphi Theatre were decorated in a like manner.

Belle Bucklen has been engaged by Kirke La Shelle for a congenial role in Victor Herbert's *The Idol's Eye*, which opens at the Broadway Theatre in October.

This is funny:

"Are you not an actress?"

"I was, but I was always a good woman. I was known in the profession as a crank on my virtue."

The above question and answer appeared in a case to determine the custody of a child. We shall presently be reading a book called *How to Be Virtuous, Although on the Stage*.

David Belasco, his wife and daughters are in San Francisco. Mr. Belasco, who has again joined forces with Charles Frohman, is looking after the Californian production of *The Heart of Maryland*.

A Puritan Romance is the title of the new romantic comedy in which the author, Estelle Clayton, and Isabelle Evesson will appear in Philadelphia early in October. The play is founded on Augusta Campbell Watson's popular novel *Dorothy the Puritan*.

An Irish Gentleman, Andrew Mack's new play, will be performed by the following company: Marie Bates, Frederic Sackett, Olive White, Adolph Jackson, Edwin Brandt, George Deyo, Florence Ashbrooke, Thomas Jackson, Florence Olp, W. J. Mason, Louis Maurice, B. Williams and Robert Mack.

W. McLaughlin, the well-known basso; Hilda Clark, Jerome Sykes and Harry McDonough have been engaged by Andrew A. McCormick for leading roles in his Broadway Theatre production of *The Highwayman*.

The first matinee of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts will be given at the Empire Theatre early in December. *Love for Love*, a comedy of the Restoration, by Congreve, will be presented for the first time.

Hope Ross, who succeeded Odette Tyler in the role of *Caroline Mitford* in Secret Service, has been engaged to play ingenué roles by Charles Frohman this season.

Maurice Barrymore has been engaged to play the role of *Laffite* in *A Ward of France*.

Dorothy Morton is matrimonially engaged to Mr. R. P. MacAlpin, a stock broker.

The idea of the Barrison Sisters getting damages against a Berlin paper is a subject fit for comic opera treatment. If Mr. Gerry had grabbed these depraved juveniles instead of wasting energy in suppressing the harmless dancing of innocent stage children he might have accomplished something of value.

A literary Bohemian is at work on a great naturalistic novel, says a French paper. "The marchioness," he writes, "became as white as a shirt." Glanc-

ing at that very moment at his own wristbands he is seized by a scruple, and adds—"whiter even than a shirt."

Cissy Fitzgerald has returned from Europe. Now let the season begin.

Odette Tyler is said to be tired of her vacation already, and contemplates starring in the fall with her husband, R. D. McLean.

"What's the matter now?" asked the leading actor, as the manager tore a letter to shreds and stamped his feet.

"Matter? That performance of yours is so infernally bad that this person demands that his name be stricken from the free list."

Eleonora Duse has recently written to the United States, says a contemporary, that she is unwilling to come here again until she is able to find an actor who can replace Flavio Ando in her company. Until she does there is no likelihood of her reappearance in the United States, as she will play only a limited number of roles. It is her great desire when she comes back here to act in *Romeo and Juliet*, and her searches for a leading actor were made with the idea of finding one who would be a satisfactory *Romeo*. But she did not discover him, and concluded not to return here until she could bring with her an actor who could meet her rather exacting demands.

The Herald Square Theatre lease to Hyde & Behman was renewed by H. R. Drew & Co., representing the estate which owns the property. The new lease begins on May 1, 1898, and has five years to run, at \$25,000 per annum. This is an increase of \$5,000 a year on the rental paid during the term which ends with next April. The signing of the papers brought out the unusual circumstance that several higher offers from competing theatrical managers were refused. Mr. Drew explaining that the estate was satisfied with Hyde & Behman, as they have proved good tenants.

Daniel Frohman arrived from Europe last week. He is already in Chicago. To a *Herald* reporter Mr. Frohman said:

"I am depending upon my contracts with several American authors for some of my winter's plays," said he, "but I have a number of new English plays as well. After Mr. Sothorn's season in Change Alley, Mr. Pinero's society comedy *The Princess and the Butterfly*, somewhat abridged from its original form, will usher in my stock company. In this play Miss Mannering will appear as the Italian heroine, and Miss Julie Opp, an American girl, who succeeded so well at the St. James' Theatre the past winter, will play the *Princess*, the role she played in alternation with Julia Neilson, in London. Mr. Hackett will appear in the part played by George Alexander during its run of nearly 100 nights in the British metropolis. In this Pinero play all the members of the Lyceum company will have an opportunity of appearing. While the *Princess and the Butterfly* is a brilliant social satire, it contains a great deal of charming and genuine sentiment, and develops an interesting double love story."

Ethel Barrymore came on the same steamer. She will sail this week to join Mr. Irving's Lyceum company.

The switchboard for the electric lighting of the stage at the Academy of Music for the spectacular *Nature* will be the biggest in the country. The United States Electric Company is putting it in. This will be the perfection of stage lighting, embracing every known device and effect for the lighting of the stage. All the lights of the hours of the day, from the delicate gray of early morn to the brilliancy of high noon and on to the red, refulgent glow of sunset, will be shown.

For some time I have been putting off the inevitable announcements for the season's opening. At last the *Telegraph* came to my rescue, and I now give you for the first and only time a hint of the theatrical undertakings of the season which is once more with us.

The Broadway Theatre will open with the engagement of Francis Wilson in *Half a King*. At the conclusion of this term a stock company, formed for the production of comic operas, will take possession of the handsome and spacious theatre, the intention being that it shall remain permanently in this establishment. It was to open the way to this organization that De Wolf Hopper, who had held time at the Broadway for a revival of *El Capitan*, was induced to transfer his engagement to the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The Empire Theatre will begin with a three weeks' engagement of *Secret Service*, followed by Maud Adams and her supporting company for a season of four weeks' duration. The Empire Stock Company will then put in an appearance, remaining for the full winter period.

At the Casino, *The Belle of New York*, by Gustave Kerker and Hugh Morton, will be produced September 27, and will run on indefinitely. When its natural end is reached, the American version of *The Telephone Girl* will be presented.

The Knickerbocker Theatre will open with *One Round of Pleasure*, to be followed by the production of *In Town*, with George Edwardes' Gaiety com-

pany. Among the subsequent stars and other attractions will be N. C. Goodwin, the Bostonians, W. H. Crane and Julia Marlowe.

The Herald Square season will start off with a revival of *The Girl from Paris*, to be followed by Mr. Rice's new production, *The French Maid*. Nothing is booked for subsequent representation at this house, as it is expected that the work mentioned will have a successful run.

The Standard Theatre as its first offering, under A. H. Woodhull's management, will put forward *What Happened to Jones*. Beyond this nothing is positively booked, although Auguste Van Biene may be seen here in Clay Greene's comedy, *The Wandering Minstrel*.

Never Again will be played for one week at the Garrick Theatre as the opening event of the season. The *Good Mr. Best* will follow for an eight weeks' term, unless, indeed, Mr. McNally's farce should command still further attention. The season will be filled out with farcical and comedy productions under the direction of Charles Frohman.

Wallack's Theatre will open with Mrs. Ryley's newest play, interpreted by Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, W. J. Le Moyne and a strong company. Julia Arthur will be seen afterward at this house in Mrs. Burnett's *A Woman of Quality*, and some syndicate dramatic productions will probably be made known here later in the season.

The Marquis of Michigan, which has been tried on the road for experimental purposes, to the apparent satisfaction of Mr. Sire and Edward Rosenbaum, will open the Bijou Theatre, and then Roland Reed will come in with his last season's successful comedy, *The Wrong Mr. Wright*. In November May Irwin will come in for a run of indefinite duration in the new *Du Souchet-Vincent* farce, written especially for her.

Mr. Knowles will introduce himself as a New York manager at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with Max Bleiman's production, called *A Southern Romance*.

Richard Mansfield will begin his season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre October 4, appearing in a dramatization of Jesse Fothergill's novel, *The First Violin*. This will be followed by *The Master of the Ceremonies*, dramatized from George Manville Fenn's novel by Mary Edwina Booth. One of his chief productions will be a new play by George Bernard Shaw, entitled *The Devil's Disciple*, a drama of the American Revolution. If the length of the New York season permits, a production of *Timon of Athens* on a large scale will be given. Recent engagements for Mr. Mansfield's company include *Olive Oliver*, *Minna Monk*, *Arthur Forest* and *W. N. Griffith*.

Hoyt's Theatre will open in September with a new farce, under the management of Kirke La Shelle. Charles Frohman's comedians will be seen next in a farce, possibly *Gambols*, which was presented with success in German here last season, and then Hoyt's *A Stranger in New York* will probably run along until next spring. At that time Mr. Frohman will again take charge, introducing *The Triumph of the Philistines to America*, with Juliet Nesville as the star.

Mr. Sothorn will open the Lyceum Theatre, as usual, with *Change Alley* as his play. At the conclusion of his stay the Lyceum Stock Company will come in for the winter, with A. W. Pinero's *The Princess and the Butterfly* as the initial play.

At the Fourteenth Street Theatre, after a preliminary season of one week, occupied by a new American play, *The Sign of the Cross* will be revived with its English company, and will give way shortly to Augustus Pitou's new production, *Cumberland*, '01, which will be allowed to run without preliminary limitation as to time.

"Sol" Smith Russell will open the Garden Theatre with Martha Morton's play, *A Bachelor's Romance*. The remainder of the season at this house will be filled up with special productions under the direction of Charles Frohman.

Daly's Theatre will open with *The Circus Girl*, which may possibly give way for a two or three weeks' revival of *The Geisha*. The remainder of the season will be occupied by Ada Rehan and the Stoddard lectures, as usual. Miss Rehan's principal reliance this season rests upon *Joan of Arc*, as produced with great success in Paris.

John Drew will be seen in a *Marriage of Convenience*. N. C. Goodwin will play *An American Citizen* until January at least, and possibly longer, although he intends to bring out a new Southwestern play by Augustus Thomas. Francis Wilson will not substitute anything else for *Half a King*. Maude Adams will bring out *The Little Minister*, by J. M. Barrie, and *Phroso*, by Anthony Hope. Julia Marlowe's principal reliance is placed upon a sumptuous revival of *A Winter's Tale*. Henry Miller will begin his season with *Heartsease*, and will continue in that piece until February, when he intends to come into New York with a hitherto unnamed new play selected for him by Charles Frohman. Wilton Lackaye will employ *A Royal Secret* as his vehicle. Digby Bell will proceed with *The Hoosier Doctor*. Robert Mantell will be seen in repertory. James O'Neil will remain loyal to the classical repertory. Walker Whiteside, Thomas W. Keene, Louis James and Frederick Warde will present Shakespearean plays. Robert Downing will make a feature of a new piece, called *David Laroque*, but will also present *Spartacus* and *Virginius*. If Olga Nethersole comes over in midwinter it will be because she has no new play, and she will then be seen in her old repertory. Lillian Russell, Della Fox and Jefferson De Angelis will be together in *The Wedding Day*. Verona Jarbeau will play *The Paris Doll*.



"WHEN one is young," said Schopenhauer, "one is always pleased to hear a knock at the door."

I am young enough for that; a feeling of almost personal gratitude rises in me when a new writer makes a stir in the courtyard. I should like to have been the man to whom *Leaves of Grass* was first shown. I should like to have written the first appreciation of Paul Verlaine.

But one reads and reads, diligently or flippantly. It is only in the rare blue moons that one discovers a book which is in the way of being art and behind which—mark this!—there is a personality.

I have discovered such a little book. It is strange, gaudy, fantastic—a thing all color and sound and incense; something gilded and monstrous and uncouth as the temple of Benares.

BUDDHA;

A Drama in Twelve Scenes.

BY SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

By way of frontispiece, there is a picture of the author—a long-limbed, gaunt figure of a man, with a shock of black hair and a curious Oriental face. He is half German and half Japanese, I understand. This is a racial mixture which might, one fancies, produce almost anything. In this case it has produced a poet.

I use the word advisedly. Sadakichi Hartmann is a poet; he is fantastic, and it may be frenetic, but he has the poet's insight into life, and has, withal, the art which the poet creates for himself and can in no manner learn from others. It will be difficult for me to give you any adequate idea of this man's dramatic poem. It is vast and visionary. It is not all admirable. At times it is clouded with a green and unholy mysticism. It is built on black basalt—that black rock of pessimism which is set in the foundations of the world.

It is a very strong poem. Indeed were it not for certain frippery of verbal decoration Buddha would be in the way of being a masterpiece. As it is, I would say that there is no work of recent years (in this country) which so well deserves the attention of the critic, who sees in books something more than printer's ink and paper.

This is not a life of Buddha. In twelve scenes Sadakichi Hartmann has disclosed his philosophy of life—a strange jumble of philosophies, Buddhist, Platonic, Schopenhaurian, and I know not what.

The first scene is the Shore of Drifting Sand. There is a view of the ocean and the moon is dawning. Gautama is asleep on the dunes. A train of camels passes—a silent procession—and Gautama wakes and watches until the last camel has disappeared in the greenish distance. "As human life should be!" he says.

In the next scene you are on the banks of the Ganges, among the confusion of white and red rhododendron trees; it is noontide and the air is drowsy. The *bayaderes* come; their golden girdles glitter as they make their way through the trees. One by one they slip off their garments and glide into the water. It is a charming picture, this—the bobble of the water, the prattle of the girls, the sunlight and spray on their shining bodies as they loll and talk of love. And the Prince Berusani watches them, while his tutors reason learnedly. The Prince does not heed them. His eyes lighten as he watches the splashing girls—one girl especially, radiant in the triumphant monotony of her nudity.

Gautama passes along the highway, chanting in a dull voice: "Renounce! Humanity, renounce all confident conviction in yourself! Struggle for the cessation of sorrow, become ensouled in me, the Sublime Renunciation, the Non-God!"

I wish that I could lead you into the Temple of Renunciation, or to the Lake of Individual Aristocracy, where, among his swans and blue lotus flowers, the Nobleman discussed, with Greek subtlety, the old question, What is truth? and, for answer, got a dagger-thrust in his belly; or take you out on that Battlefield where the "infamies of war" hiss and flame. But that cannot be.

For a moment, however, loaf here, At the Forest-Edge of Life. Here, in a ragged tent, the Wise Old Man sits. Ariya, "a lean, crippled, ugly maid, at the age of opening buds," has brought him a dish of red rice. He draws

Ariya on his knees. As they sit there the villagers drag in a fanatic of the sect of the Massacrists, who has fired the village and taken many lives.

"You seem to take great relish in such things, old scape-cross?" says the Wise Old Man.

"I am their misjudged benefactor," cries the fanatic. "They should rejoice that I endeavor to shorten their disgusting slavery to nature and to each other, instead of maltreating him who despises life."

"Not so much as to annihilate yourself, eh?" asks the Wise Old Man.

"I am doomed to preserve my detestable life," the Massacrist answers; "I have other deeds to do."

"Egregious!" cries the Wise Old Man "set him free. He is a superior being—he has a conviction."

And Gautama passes, droning, "Renounce, renounce!"

It would be pleasant to linger in the Cave of Dawn with the Five Holy Disciples, with a facial resemblance to Hugo, Whitman, Tolstoi, &c., squat on deer-skins under the arch of the cave's entrance, "for they have a calm and self-chastised expression, as though they had lived the world's history." Especially strong is the scene of Buddha's death on the summit of the Himalayas, among the flying storms of snow. I have space only for a slight reference to the last scene.

This is Darkness in Space.

When Buddha enters Nirvana a "color revery" takes place in the universe. Sadakichi Hartmann describes how the scene may be represented by pyrotechny and makes a plea for the new "Optic Art" in which color shall rival sound as a vehicle of pure emotion. Of course this is not wholly new. You may see the germ in Loie Fuller's dances and Paine's fireworks, and I remember seeing the thing far more elaborately done in Paris a few years ago.

Sadakichi Hartmann's scene—solely a color scene—is divided into five parts, with an intermezzo. The last part he describes as a "kaleidoscopic symphony of color effects, continually changing in elation, depression, velocity, intensity," &c. The structure, the form and design are also variable. His description reads: "A *largetto* in light bluish gray, muddy yellowish green, greenish blue and dark grayish blue, followed by an *andante* in color, containing blue from green to purple; by an *allegretto* of complementary colors with a tendency toward yellow and red, and by a *finale vivace* in all colors, ending at last with a flower star."

A weird ending to a wayward, tumultuous drama, in which a keen philosophy of life is at the mercy of an imagination which is neither to bind nor to hold.

Some time or other, I dare say, Sadakichi Hartmann pondered De Goncourt's saying: "Rare epithets are the signs of a good writer." This is only half true, and for Sadakichi Hartmann it has been a fatal half truth. His style is clogged with offensively, obsolescent words.

That by the way.

Buddha is a work of genius, not always quite sane, but genius at bottom.

In China the woman who marries an actor or musician receives eighty strokes of the bamboo. It seems a rather unsatisfactory sort of wedding present, but I suppose there is celestial wisdom in it somewhere.

A correspondent who assures me that she is "an actress engaged in literature for the present" asks this conundrum: "Who was the first woman who played a part on the English stage?"

I was going to say Mrs. Hughes and let it go at that; but I am cursed with a literary conscience, my dear Unknown, and I have spent half an hour to prove to my satisfaction that Mrs. Hughes was not the first woman on the English stage.

And who was?

Since you are "in literature for the present," I daresay, these facts (colated with infinite pain) will be not only pleasurable, but profitable.

The old tradition was that Sir W. Davenant's actresses were the first women who appeared on the Restoration stage. In the patent granted him by Charles II. you may read:

That, whereas, the women's parts have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offense, we do permit and give leave, for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women.

It is beyond all question, however, that there were women in Killigrew's company from the first. Within two months of his opening Pepys wrote: "1661, January 3. To the theatre where was acted Beggar's Bush, it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women upon the stage."

In the previous November Pepys had seen the same play acted by boys and men, so it is probable that women first appeared between November 20,

1660, and January 3, 1661. Of course this does not settle the question as to who was the first actress.

The evidence for Mrs. Hughes rests mainly upon Jordan's prologue to *Othello*. Jordan refers to Kynaston, Hart and others who had appeared as *Desdemona*:

In this reforming age
We have intents to civilize the stage.
Our women are defective, and so sized
You'd think they were some of the guard, disguised;
For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen.
With bone so large and nerve so uncomplaisant,
When you call *Desdemona*, enter *Giant*.

Then, introducing Mrs. Hughes, who is "no man in gown nor page in petticoat," he declares, "I saw the lady drest," and vouches for the fact that she is a woman.

Before the Restoration, of course, in the popular shows of Bartholomew Fair and even in the Miracle Plays and Mysteries of the Church, women had figured freely. Women appeared in all the court masques.

As far as I can discover the first women who really played female parts in an English theatre were those hapless French actresses who performed at the Blackfriars Theatre for a short season in 1629. There is a reference in Prynne's *Histriomastix*, thus: "Some Frenchwomen or Monsters rather, on Michaelmas Term, 1629, attempted to act a French play at the Playhouse in Blackfriars; an impudent, shameful, unwomanly, graceless attempt," &c. Another moral reformer, Thomas Brand, writes of these same actresses: "Glad am I to say they were hissed, hooted and *pippin-pelted* from the stage, so I do not think they will soon be ready to try the same again." I love that *pippin-pelted*.

And there you are!

However, as an actress "in literature for the present," how much better than "resting!" You will probably be better satisfied with Mrs. Hughes. She lends herself to fiction. She was the mistress of Prince Rupert. She was very handsome. She was a spendthrift. And she played *Desdemona*.

By the way, a few years ago some of the professional women of the Professional Woman's League gave *As You Like It*, performed entirely by women. Not even the idea was novel. Back in the period I have been discussing many plays were acted entirely by women, and one of them, *The Parson's Wedding*, is said to have drawn large audiences. And as far as that goes, I saw a delightful little drama at Koster & Bial's last season which was acted entirely by dogs.

V. T.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

A HOT WEATHER LITANY.

From pushing people, hard at work,
From news and evening papers,
From strike, and Parliament, and Turk,
And crowds of heated gapers;
From racing news and cricket chat,
And articles somniferous,
From frock-coat, collar, and top-hat—
Good Lord deliver us.

From asphalt pavements, reeking hot,
From editors and printers;
From telegraph boys on the trot,
From cyclists, postmen, sprinters,
From costers, 'Arries, boys—what not,
That with their bawling shiver us,
From everything that makes us hot—
Good Lord deliver us.

But give us books of lager bier,
Or bitter beer in pewter;
And be of work—that thing of fear—
A very strict commuter,
Give us long drinks! Ay, six feet high,
And bring an iceberg near us,
To cool our throats when we are dry—
In this wise hear us.

Take editors, and men who ask
Us for our usual copy,
And set them some unending task
Till they are limp and soppy.
There let them work, athirst and dry,
All powerless to harm us;
But in a hammock let us lie,
In our pajamas.

—*Outsider, in London Figaro.*

THE popularity of *Der Evangelimann* seems to be calling attention to Dr. Kienzl's writing; at least I judge so from receiving from the publisher, Heinrich Matthes, of Leipzig, an editorial copy of Kienzl's *Miscellen*, a collection of articles contributed by various journals, together with some papers on music, musicians and musical experiences.

Although the volume was printed in 1886, and therefore has nothing to say of the latest developments of music, it contains much interesting material. Kienzl in his preface states that the same necessity that impelled him to write music impelled him to write words—the necessity, that is, of expressing what was in him. His book, therefore, is no dry, systematically connected theory, but a *mélange* of thoughts and feelings on various matters, which in the course of years interested or deeply moved him, and so contains a little of

everything, historical, critical, æsthetic, and above all his own experiences; and the chief end of the work is to give a public statement of his artistic standpoint.

After what is described as an attempt at a popular exposition of the phases of the development of music, Kienzl gives his readers, under the title of *A Week at Bayreuth*, his reports on the first performance of the *Ring des Nibelungen* in 1876, interesting enough as reflecting the ideas of a lover and admirer of Wagner a generation ago, and rather amusing for the zeal in which he defends Wagner's poetry, instrumentation, scenic arrangements and the like, which time has shown to need no defense.

There is a good account of a visit to Wahnfried in 1879. "The conversation," he writes, "on my first evening at Wahnfried was most multifarious. It turned on Wagner concerts at Graz in 1878, the periodical repetition of the Bayreuth festival, the meaning of the 'draught of forgetfulness' in the *Götterdämmerung* (which Wagner declared was not a magic draught), on Eduard Hanslick, on German university professors, on Italian opera composers, of whom Wagner praised Bellini and Rossini as highly on account of their wealth of melody as he censured Verdi and Donizetti; on the gold and silver standard; on America, its religions, technical and artistic strivings; on Bismarck, Schubert, Offenbach, Schopenhauer, on Plato's *Theory of Knowledge*, on Zöllner's *Fourth Dimension*, on Hegel, on Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and the universal obligation of military service. Then Josef Rubinstein (the author of an attack on Schumann in the *Bayreuther Blätter*, no connection of Anton Rubinstein) concluded the evening with a performance on the piano of a fugue and prelude by Bach, to which Wagner listened with increasing enthusiasm."

At Prague Kienzl met Anton Dvorák, "whom a German, Johannes Brahms, discovered, but who, in spite of all, remains as anti-German as ever." Dvorák he considers more as an instrumental than a vocal composer, and his opera *Demetrius* as clearly showing that he is not dramatic in the true sense of the word.

He is delighted with dinners at Hamburg. After the deprivations that a stomach accustomed to decent food has to suffer in Central Germany, Hamburg is a glorious city. The opinion that it is a dull commercial city, which might please a gourmand more than an artist, is unfounded. It would, however, be a mistake to call Hamburg an artistic town, but compared with other commercial seats it makes great sacrifices for the theatre and music, and it is remarkable for its reception of artists into "good society," paying them higher honor than the aristocracy of wealth or the aristocracy of birth elsewhere. "Nowhere is the artist more respected than in Hamburg, nowhere are more demands made on him than in Leipzig, nowhere is he less regarded than in Vienna, where he is expected to entertain the company unceasingly and for no pay. Nay, the Viennese do not even buy his works or take tickets for his concerts if he is unknown. In Hamburg, on the contrary, it is considered an honor to possess the works of an artist who has been a guest, and to take tickets for his concerts. Hamburg loves Art, and a young artist runs no risk of being neglected or starved." What struck Kienzl most in this city was the home music; every musical family has a string quartet, which the hausvater recruits as far as possible from his family. "The sons play the stringed instruments, the daughters sing and play the piano, and all this not in the home of a professor, a doctor or a teacher, but in the house of a merchant."

Will someone tell us how New York compares with Hamburg?

Speaking of Bülow's direction of the Meiningen orchestra, Kienzl says: "All the leading and subordinate groups are kept separate, all the *césuras* marked and *breath* logically taken. The word *breath* is, of course, not used literally, as in the case of wind instruments, but metaphorically as in strings. A string orchestra which does not know how to take breath, where every violinist phrases as he chooses, or does not phrase at all, will make confusion of the clearest work. In one word, modern works must be sung. Every violinist or pianist ought to take lessons in singing, to enable him to give to his instrumental performance that degree of natural truth which comes from correct phrasing, and produces on the hearer an effect which must be inexplicable without the knowledge of this secret."

Brahms, Kienzl writes, is one of those artists whose individuality moves in such determined paths that neither a mistake nor a tempting side glance into the realm of effect was able to make him deviate a single step from his ideal standpoint. It is no light task to express in a few words the significance of our most prominent absolute musician. Brahms is such an exclusive, retiring nature that he reveals himself only to him who takes the trouble to seek him, but this trouble repays itself. How often, he continues, do great men judge harshly and falsely their great contemporaries. Spohr could not endure Beethoven, and Beethoven Weber; why should we blame Wagner if he, embittered by his experiences, went out of his way in the case of Brahms, who lay so far from his domain, and styled him "The Blond Johannes?" In Wagner is the highest truth of dramatic expression; in Brahms, the modest, purely musical expression of a true religion of love and renunciation. As a dreamer, ridiculed by the crowd, he advances, to our eyes veiled in light mist, placidly along the paths of holy light.

These few extracts will serve for a sample of the contents of Kienzl's notes of travel, but I reserve for another issue his paper on Smetana and some other of his acquaintances. Kienzl writes throughout in an easy, lively style, full of good-nature and is unreservedly enthusiastic for his friends. He is not such

an accomplished writer as Bülow, but his notes on men and matters are worth comparing with the latter's accounts of musical affairs in his lately published letters and writings.

* * *

"If you want to hear everything bad about yourself or your family, go into politics," is as true in Italy as elsewhere. Gabriele d'Annunzio is a candidate for a seat in the Italian Parliament, and his opponents have discovered that his father's name was originally Rapagnetta, which is a slang word for "stupid"; but Gabriele shows that his progenitor had dropped the ambiguous name and taken that of D'Annunzio before his, Gabriele's, birth. A surname Annunzio, "the announcer," goes admirably and picturesquely with Gabriel the trumpeter of the *Triumph of Death*.

* * *

When you receive a copy of a first book by an unknown author what are you to say about it? If it is a volume of verse jump upon it. This was the plan adopted by Brougham when he ripped up Byron's *Hours of Idleness*. This was the plan of Croker when he went for Keats, whom he did not kill, spite of Lord Byron's line. This was the treatment Alfred Tennyson received from Christopher North when he published his first volume. It is a tempting way, for it is so easy, especially with a man who starts out with a volume of lyrics or sonnets. The obtusest mind can pick out some quatrain or distich and make fun of it to the intense delight of a public who never read the whole book. When we come to dramatic criticism, that is, criticism of drama, why, every critic believes he can write a better drama than any he criticises. But there are dramas and dramas, and if the critic believes he has a talent for high comedy he will praise, with perfect sincerity, blood and thunder or woolly Western pieces, but damn with faint praise anything in the line in which he considers himself a past master. He can discriminate. But when we come to novels, we all believe we can write novels, and we all feel disposed to gird at the new ones, usually without reading; if we do read them we are mad because they take the bread out of our mouths; they have thought long enough ago to be printed what we have been talking about writing. So *Pereat qui ante nos, nostra dixerit*.

Mr. Burton's first book, *The Mission of Poubalov*, has as its protagonist Alexander Poubalov, a Russian spy; the time occupied by the story is about a week; the scene is Boston. In Boston, says one of the characters, no one is allowed to go fast except on a race track—(Qy.—Is there a race track near Boston?)—but Poubalov goes fast enough for anything. The hero, let us call him so, as he is the lover of the heroine, disappears on his wedding day on his road to church. At the same time his landlady's daughter vanished from the chaste purlieus of Boston. Poubalov had called on Strobel, the supposed hero, that morning.

So the question arises, did Poubalov run away with Strobel, or did Strobel run away with Lizzie? The disappointed bride, Clara, of course is at first petrified; all brides in such cases are petrified, but she soon thaws and begins to hustle. She lives in hacks and Pullman sleepers; she shadows everybody and Poubalov shadows her. Poubalov is a Russian spy, and we know what that means; he is handsome, suave, cool and quite superhuman in the arrogance with which he proves to everybody that they know nothing about anything. Clara thinks that Poubalov has carried off Strobel; Poubalov, nihilists have suppressed him, and so on with all kinds of cross purposes. But Mr. Burton is ingenious; his Russian spy is not a fiend, about to drag everybody to Siberia; he wants to find the missing bridegroom to tell him that his estates are restored. The strongest scene is where Poubalov, who has fallen in love with Clara, thinks of committing suicide. But it is absurd and cruel to say any more of the plot of the book; read it. It fulfills its purpose of amusing. Let us hope that Mr. Burton will cultivate a better style, and be more careful in details. How could a man be called by the feminine patronymic Palovna?

H. C.

RESURRECTED REPUTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Sun:

SIR—Yesterday, while walking through the woods directly back of the village of Patchogue, Long Island, I suddenly entered an abandoned graveyard of the long ago and discovered therein a storm-worn marble slab about 4 feet high and 3 feet wide. Below a Masonic emblem, which encircles the roof of the monument, appears in small but legible letters this inscription:

Sacred to the memory of
SEBA SMITH,
Poet and Scholar.
Born in Maine, Sept. 14, 1792.
Died in Patchogue, July 28, 1868.
He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1818, and
was the original Major Jack Downing.
Also author of "Way Down East," of "New
Elements of Geometry," "Powhattan," a poem,
and many other works.
He was well beloved!

A small marble footstone stands at the end of the grave with the letters S. S. chiselled thereon.

A venerable-looking farmer, who happened to pass that way, told me that the forsaken burial place was once called the Old Willow Cemetery, and that under this particular mound rested the remains of a widely known American humorist, who was a great friend of Abraham Lincoln; also that the unrecorded grave to the left of the "poet and scholar" was one in which about three or four years ago "a famous woman, who was the humorist's wife," was interred.

Could the two lonely resting places which I have unearthed in this quaint pastoral "God's acre," represent the tombs of that once distinguished wit and journalist, "Major Jack Downing of the Downingville militia," who used, in his humorous and sarcastic way in the daily press of his day, to pay his respects to General and President Andrew Jackson; and do you suppose that the other tenant of this silent colony in the woods is the gifted and beautiful Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes-Smith, who wrote

that sweet poem, *The Sinless Child*, and was the first woman who ever appeared on the American lecturing platform, and the friend and correspondent of Edgar Allan Poe, Washington Irving, Nathaniel Parker Willis, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Grace Greenwood," Fredrika Bremer, Francis Sargent Osgood and other noted litterateurs of that period?

Over fifty years ago, when I started to read the *Sun*, I frequently read in its columns humorous contributions from the pen of Seba Smith and graceful poems to which were attached the name of Elizabeth Oakes-Smith, and I am naturally anxious to ascertain whether this accomplished couple who are slumbering in this out-of-the-way Long Island place of sepulchre are our "auld lang syne" New York *Sun* contributors.

Perhaps one or more of the *Sun*'s subscribers can throw some light on these two romantic graves, over which eglantine throws a fragrant and kindly summer shade.

BELLPORT, L. I., August 2.

HALF CENTURY READER OF THE SUN.

This letter, which appeared in the *Sun* a few days ago, recalls two half-forgotten journalists who were at one time fairly well known in New York. Elizabeth Oakes-Smith was unquestionably the writer of "that sweet poem, *The Sinless Child*." Would you know how sweet it was? Would you know what sort of verse sufficed to make a reputation in New York back in the forties?

Her trusting hand fair Eva laid
In that of Albert Linne,
And for one trembling moment turned
Her gentle thoughts within.
Deep tenderness was in the glance
That rested on his face,
As if her women heart had found
Its own abiding place.

And ever more to him it seemed
Her voice more liquid grew—
"Dear youth, thy soul and mine are one;
One source their being drew!
And they must mingle evermore—
Thy thoughts of love and me
Will, as a light, thy footsteps guide
To life and mystery."

There was a sadness in her tone,
But love unfathomed deep;
As from the centre of the soul
Where the divine may sleep;
Prophetic was the tone and look,
And Albert's noble heart
Sank with a strange foreboding dread
Lest Eva should depart.

And when she bent her timid eyes
As she beside him knelt,
The pressure of her sinless lips
Upon his brow he felt,
And all of earth and all of sin
Fled from her sainted side;
She, the pure virgin of the soul,
Ordained young Albert's bride.

And so on for nearly 200 stanzas. These verses were praised hotly by Richard Henry Stoddard, Dr. Griswold and other critics of the day.

Her husband, the Seba Smith of Jack Downing memory, was quite as much of a poet. By the way husband and wife were sadly confused by the critics of the day. "Seba" was supposed to be a woman and E. Oakes-Smith was taken for a man. Edgar Allan Poe devoted a clever column to unravelling the mystery. Seba Smith's best known poem then was *Powhattan*, a Metrical Romance in Seven Cantos. It was published by the Harpers—for Seba was a Harper poet in those days, though now he would doubtless be on the staff of *The Century*. The poem is dedicated to "the young people of the United States." Here is a sample:

But bravely to the river's brink
I led my warrior train,
And face to face, each glance they sent,
We sent it back again.
Their werowance looked stern at me,
And I looked stern at him,
And all my warriors clasped their bows,
And nerved each heart and limb,
I raised my heavy war club high,
And swung it fiercely round,
And shook it toward the shallop's side,
Then laid it on the ground.
And then the lighted calumet
I offered to their view,
And thrice I drew the sacred smoke,
And toward the shallop blew,
And as the curling vapor rose,
Soft as a spirit prayer,
I saw the paleface leader wave
A white flag in the air.
Then launching out their painted skiff
They boldly came to land,
And spoke us many a kindly word,
And took us by the hand.
Presenting rich and shining gifts,
Of copper, brass and beads,
To show that they were men like us,
And prone to generous deeds.
We held a long and friendly talk,
Inquiring whence they came,
And who the leader of their band
And what their country's name.
And how their mighty shallop moved
Across the boundless sea,
And why they touched our great king's land
Without his liberty.

That part about

amused Poe very much. He claimed it was a rank plagiarism from

An old crow sitting on a hickory limb,
He winked at me and I winked at him.

It is fortunate for Seba Smith and the "famous woman, the humorist's wife," that the marble slab still stands near Patchogue. It will serve—far better than their verses—as an anodyne to oblivion.

The Stage Abroad.

THE world will be happy to know that Cléo de Mérode will arrive in New York with all the guarantees of respectability that the press can bestow. She is accompanied by her respectable mother, her dog Toto and a third person who remains anonymous, but who, of course, is a lady's maid. "It is asserted," writes the solemn *Journal des Debats*, "that she will be welcomed in fashionable society and be one of the queens of the season." This is a bit of French sarcasm that will be duly appreciated.

But Cléo has a public certificate by the doyen of the subscribers to the Opéra, M. Charles Boucher. He is the oldest of the old gentlemen who frequent the green room of the corps de ballet, and pinch the cheeks of the young ladies, and kiss the hands of the leading danseuses. He has been duly interviewed on the subject, and is consoled for the loss of Cléo by the patriotic reflection that it is an honor to France "to see the Americans and the English fighting with banknotes for artists who are the jewels of her intellectual crown."

The aforesaid doyen remembers her when she was in short skirts, and when everyone could see those graceful limbs which Falguière immortalized in the Danseuse of the Salon. She is still timid as a child, and her little heart beats at the approach of a clubman with all the poetry of her first petticoats; she is a good, blushing girl to whom Providence has given beauty. And so on and so on. Everyone knows that she cannot sing, cannot dance, cannot act; that at the Opéra her services are valued at \$40 a month; and that she keeps out of this sum her respectable mamma, her dog, and carriage and horses is one of the mysteries of Parisian economy and the King of the Belgians.

The Theatre d'Œuvre, again. Last winter M. Pierre Denis presented on its stage a piece called *A la Vie à la Mort*, the subject of which was the last years and death of General Boulanger. It was severely criticised by the Paris press, especially by M. Faguet. The author has now addressed a long letter to this critic in defense of his piece. Much of what he says will be hard to understand, unless the criticisms which he criticises are before us; but some of his remarks are of a more general nature. In reply to the objection that his piece is not adapted to the theatre, he asks, what is the theatre, to his critic's mean and unreal fiction, conceived on conventional ideas, carried out with conventional logic and written in a conventional language? All these conventions, he argues, are means, not an end; the first thing for a dramatist to do is to interest his audience, to make it laugh, to make it weep, to touch its emotions.

To which Faguet answers that the theatre must have conventions, that M. Denis himself uses these conventions; to give five years of Boulanger's life in three hours can only be done by conventions, that no piece can be written without the employment of conventional methods. He asks further: Is a piece good because it interests the public? It may fill the theatre, but is it a work of art? Every true critic must separate criticism from emotion, and not call a piece good because it is touching, and the truest critic of all, the public, makes no mistakes, it says: "It is idiotic, but it makes us laugh; it is stupid, but it makes us weep."

It is evident that M. Faguet is very conservative in his views, as befits a professor, and asks from the dramatist more than we poor New Yorkers do. What do we care or know about works of art? Give us Belasco, give us Sardou, with pieces written around some emotional actors, or some comic actor.

When the Franco-Portuguese erotographer, Catulle Mendès, remembers that he ought to be Pesach Mendel he can write charmingly, as always, and also decently. Here he goes:

A swallow alighted on the lowest of the telegraph wires.
There were five wires.
She alighted on the lowest, which just touched the branches of the young acacias in flower.
She swung gently with the light oscillation of the wire.
Suddenly her wing fluttered. A message had passed.
What message? Nothing. An invitation to dinner.
The swallow hopped to another wire. She began to twitter.
The wire shook her; another message. The bird trembled all over.
Nothing serious. Perhaps something sad. An appointment cancelled. Will not some heart suffer?
The swallow goes a wire higher. She can scarcely poise herself on account of the vibration.
It is a message announcing the failure of a bank.
Another little flight. But the wire trembles, oh, so gently.
The telegraph transmits the joyful news of the engagement of lovers.
The swallow sings, sings, sings, so gaily, and mounts higher.
The last wire moans long, slow, languishing. Someone is dead.
The swallow flies away like a little soul, all white and black.

In a conversation with Jules Claretie about his latest play, *Route de Thebes*, which his will ordered to be suppressed, Dumas said it was strongly influenced by Ibsen. His chief character was a Norwegian student in Paris. It would be curious to see how he treated such a personage thrown into the midst of the Quartier Latin, and to contrast his ideas with those that were held

by Ibsen when he introduces his Norwegian student, who had been at Paris, in his awful *Ghosts*. I think Dumas would have made his hero emerge triumphant from his temptations.

Claretie lately visited Ibsen at Christiania and discussed with him the probability of producing Ibsen's plays at the Comédie Française. So the Theatre Libre seems to have made some impression on that conservative institution.

Ernest La Jeunesse says: "I never saw anything more melancholy than M. Meilhac. This big man, with drooping eyelids, with heavy, slow eyes, the mouth and smile hidden under a gendarme's mustache; that soft, tender face, that painful gait, that stiff deportment" suggested anything but esprit.

The truth was he had been torn from his destined course and flung all alive—yet how little living—into the centre of the world. He would have been perfectly happy if he could have lived in obscurity, just spirituel enough to make or repeat puns in a café, just fascinating enough to trouble *de grosses dames*. Literature, imagination came to arouse him and throw him into the arms of another man of talent. This gave us the clearest, most ingenuous, most brilliant of dramas, this was the soul of an epoch and a reign. Yet amid all the brilliance and glitter, amid all the gushing play of color, one paused rather at the bitterness and humanity which, as it were involuntarily, suddenly cropped out. Nearly all his work is delicious, more ideal than that of Alexander Dumas fils, more true in its gaiety, more profound in its nonchalance, more terrible in its inexorable indulgence and—more written (plus écrit).

Never, he continues, was the irony of the gods more real; the gods who gave him the task of denying them, of making them ridiculous, of making them good fellows, men about town, the gods of a vagabond Ida, whom he led from the Bal Mabille to the defunct Chaumière, from the dressing room of M. de Morny to the bedroom of M. de Bismarck; these gay and grotesque gods imposed on him a mask of torpor and sleepy carelessness. They condemned him to be spirituel without enjoying his own esprit, to be spirituel to others, to all the world except himself. With all the distractions of Paris before him he could not amuse himself and he could not weep. His companions in glory and pleasure died or were soured, he was saddened by his little court of pupils.

The report that a drama by Gabriele d'Annunzio entitled *The Brothers* would be given at Vienna is inexact. A piece bearing that name has been translated into German and will be produced as soon as possible, but the author is Sabatino Lopez.

Among the eccentric theatres of Paris is the one called *Le Théâtre des Eschollers*. It has lately produced a piece in four acts by a gentleman of the eccentric name of Romain Coolus, which bears the gruesome title of *The Sick Child*. Prof. Emile Faquet is reminded by it of his youth. It takes him back to 1834 and to Georges Sand's *Jacques*. In fact, it is Jacques and a very inferior Jacques into the bargain; it is, moreover, a bit of the *Amoureuse* of M. Porto-Riche. It is a sad, sombre, heart-rending drama of passion, written expressly to discourage men and women from all amorous vagaries; it is a bitter *remedium amoris*.

The hero *Jean* is a commonplace sort of fellow, who has "lived." He is the lover of a quiet lady, who is the wife of a quiet husband, and neither the lover, the lady nor the husband see any reason for a change. But there is a "young person," *Germaine*, who falls desperately in love with *Jean*. He tries to run away, but, in a good scene, she declares her love; she will have him; he must not go; if he does she will kill herself. *Jean*, although he is nearly forty, yields, and in the next act the pair are married. As she has a passionate love for him, while he has only a paternal regard for her, they speedily fall out. She objects to his spending his time with his friends or with his books, and wants him to tell her all his thoughts.

"That would be a long business," he replies. "Then you despise me!" she cries. While she is in this state of mind *Henri* turns up. He is an old suitor whom she had rejected; he is all ardor and passion, and is the devoted being who alone can give her happiness. *Jean* detects her inclination for *Henri*, and preaches to her and argues with her like a father. In fine he talks so well, so reasonably, so paternally that *Germaine* runs away to find *Henri*. She finds him and two months' experience disillusion her.

While she is away *Jean* begins to love her, really love, with a melancholy, tender and feeble love; he suffers horribly in his solitude; he cannot even read. She returns, and as she had demanded from *Henri*, she now demands from *Jean* complete surrender of friends, books, thoughts, everything. He exclaims: "It is a pity you are like this, *Germaine*," and adds, "Dear child, if I could only cure you. You are sad because you suffer. The irreparable misfortune is that you like to suffer. Well, we love each other; perhaps we may end in understanding each other."

The role of *Germaine*, M. Faquet writes, is easily understood; it is the search for happiness; that of *Jean* is the evolution of a character. He passes from common sense to pity, from pity to weakness, from weakness to love, and then sinks into a kind of moral suicide.

Tom Morgan, of Eureka, Kan., is of opinion that a hoarse shout at a steer fattening for market has as bad an effect on the animal as an impatient word may have on a very ill person, which recalls a remark of Rarey, the horse trainer, who said that he had known an angry word to accelerate the pulse of a high spirited horse many beats to the second.—*The Sun*.

THINK, then, what the effect of a harsh word may be on such a sensitive creature as an actress! Stage managers should never swear at actresses, nor should critics make cruel remarks about them. Selah!

The Late Mr. Thayer.

WHEN Alexander Wheelock Thayer died in Trieste, Austria, a few days ago America lost one of her sons who had brought her more renown in the world of music than any of her composers, performers or singers, though he wrote no music and had only an amateur's interest in the executive branch of the art. An obituary notice in the *Tribune* last Tuesday gave a brief account of his life and work. The saddest feature in it for a music student was the expressed doubt whether or not he had succeeded in completing the work to which he had consecrated his life—the biography of Beethoven. He began his labors forty years ago, but when he printed the last page of his Volume III, there were still eleven years of the great composer's life to account for, eleven years full of incident and big with significance for the history of music. Many will wonder why the concluding volume (or volumes, for despite the succinctness of his narrative, outside of the controverted points, it is scarcely to be conceived that he could have encompassed so long and important a period in a single volume) was (or were) not completed in the eighteen years which elapsed between the publication of Volume III. and his death. Only his friends know; and their knowledge is largely based on conjecture. The explanation will probably be that the vast amount of work which he did in gathering material, sifting and presenting it, made him fatally brain-weary before the conclusion was reached. Perhaps his zeal relaxed, though this is scarcely to be believed when it is considered how warm his interest in everything appertaining to Beethoven remained to the end. Of this evidence will be brought forward in the course of this article.

In the fall of 1889 arrangements were made by a committee, consisting of Carl Schurz, Theodore Thomas, Oswald Ottendorfer, William Steinway, Jesse Seligman, Elken Naumburg, H. E. Krehbiel, Edmund C. Stanton and George William Curtis, to give a concert for the benefit of the society, which had been organized in Germany to purchase the house in which Beethoven was born and convert it into a Beethoven Museum. Mr. Thayer was an honorary member of this society, and the first announcement of the project in the *Tribune* brought a letter from him. In it he said:

The house purchased is that in the Bonngasse which I first proved to be the true one. My translator, Dr. Deiters, a born Bonner, thought it worth the space to give in the Appendix to my Volume I. the old controversy in the matter, but I had some other reason, I forget what now, for fixing on the Bonngasse house. I shall be very glad if an American contribution to a vein that owes its existence indirectly to the studies of an American shall be made. I hope now to be able to take up Beethoven (Volume IV.) without breaking down on it. Several times I have attempted it and been forced by my head troubles to lay it aside.

Music students know that for two decades or more a disposition has been shown to break loose from the traditional tempi of the second and third movements of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—the dainty Allegretto Scherzando and the Tempo di Minuetto. The notion that the second movement should be taken rapidly as if it were the jocose portion of the work and the minuet in extremely moderate, not to say slow, time, as if it were the symphony's adagio, had its origin in some criticisms of Wagner's against old-fashioned conductors of the Mendelssohn stamp.

Mr. Seidl introduced the innovation here in a concert given in April, 1888. The *Tribune's* reviewer found fault with his readings, and brought forward what he thought conclusive proofs that Beethoven had conceived the two movements in the moods indicated by the metronomic marks which he had placed upon them. Mr. Thayer was delighted, and in a letter of thanks furnished further proof of the incorrectness of the position taken by Mr. Seidl. A year or so later Dr. Von Bülow again opened the controversy, but that has nothing to do with Mr. Thayer's letter. He wrote:

I am very glad that you, in the *Tribune* of the 8th inst., have so manfully taken up the cudgel in defense of the true tempi of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. Long years ago I heard Herbeck make precisely the same inexcusable blunders in a concert at Vienna. The vials of wrath and vessels of ridicule that were poured out upon him were a caution to him thereafter. It is inconceivable to me how anyone who has ever heard the allegretto scherzando played correctly can afterward mistake its movement; he must (or ought to) feel it rightly. But if not it is no excuse. True, it is an allegretto scherzando ("scherzando" italicized), but that is only a Beethoven allegretto played jocosely, or so as to bring out the jocose element. In addition to what you say of the metronomic marking of Beethoven himself, allow me to call your attention to this: The seventh and eighth symphonies were studied out at the same time, as the sketch books show. The slow movement of the seventh is also an allegretto. Thus we have two perfectly contemporary orchestral allegrettos, metronomized within less than five years of the date of composition. And yet so great, so vast as is the difference in the sentiment of the two that in the seventh is seventy-six and that in the eighth only so much faster as is indicated by eighty-eight. The case is clear enough in your favor.

At the same concert Mr. Seidl brought forward the symphony in C by Haydn, which is generally designated as

L'Ours. The *Tribune's* reviewer confessed his inability to find the bear in the symphony, and discussed Haydn's methods of composition as described in the book known as Bombet's Life of Haydn, and also his attitude toward what is called program music. This, too, appealed to Thayer, and he wrote:

I am as much puzzled as you why a symphony of Haydn's should be announced as The Bear. I see you cite Bombet. This was a name assumed by a certain Beyle, whose book on Haydn was a mean plagiarism from Carpani's "Le Haydine-ovvero lettere su la vita e la opera del celebre Maestro Giuseppe Haydn, di Giuseppe Carpani; dedicata al R. Conservatorio di Musica di Milano." My copy is the Milan edition of 1812. On page 69 Carpani (author of the words In Questa Tomba) gives the passage which you quote from Bombet about the voyage to America; but he does not say that Haydn told him this. Now read this from Dies' twenty-first visit to Haydn on May 27, 1806:

"I had long intended to ask Haydn to what extent the statement (which I had divers times heard and also read) was true, viz.: That he, in his instrumental movements, had sought to work out some sort of a word picture? Whether he, for instance, had never thought in a symphony movement of expressing a coquet, a vixen and the like? 'Seldom,' answered Haydn. 'Generally in instrumental music I just gave my musical fancy fully free course. Only one exception occurs to me now where in the adagio of a symphony I selected as a theme a conversation between God and a frivolous sinner.' On a later occasion the conversation turned again upon this Adagio, and Haydn said he had always expressed the Deity through love and benevolence."

Haydn could not remember in which symphony this was. What truth there is in Carpani's statement as to other fanciful names cited by you I have no means of knowing. That must be determined by the autographs or early editions; but I judge these names for the most part originated as little with Haydn as the ridiculous ones applied to certain of Beethoven's compositions with him. * * * One would like to know on what authority the London *Harmonicon* (1825, page 112) stated this: "Haydn's Symphony in E flat (No. 8) written for Salomon's concerts, is a perfect picture to the ear, if the expression may be allowed. The author intended it to represent to the imagination a village fête, the commencement of which is retarded by a thunder storm. All are rushing about to find shelter; the tempest then abates, and the festivities begin. A second clap of thunder suspends the gayeties and consternation again reigns. But the heavens soon recover their serenity, and the rural sports suffer no further interruption." How like the program of the last portion of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony!

But Thayer's letters were not all in the critical and historical vein. Sometimes he got gossipy, as in a letter dated April 29, 1888, which was just five days after he had written the letter quoted in the preceding paragraph. A vagrant newspaper story about the Guarnerius violin which Prince Lichnowsky gave to Beethoven just a century ago suggested some comments on the incorrectness of the statement, but he soon got on a gossipy track, and reached a subject which New Yorkers will appreciate better now than they would have appreciated it then; for the subject of his first anecdote is become one of New York's artistic colony. Thayer is first telling about Joachim, who it was thought would visit New York in the season of 1888-89—he did not come, however, then he goes on:

This reminds me that in '85, being in Berlin, Joachim invited me to the Hochschule of Music, of which he is the head, to hear a Fräulein Wietrowetz, of Graz, play a violin concerto with orchestra, which she did very well.

"Joachim," said I, after it, "who is that sweet little girl there at the end that plays with such energy and freedom?"—or to this effect.

"She? She is a countryman of yours and a favorite pupil of mine. I will introduce her." She proved to be Geraldine Morgan, daughter of Morgan (deceased), formerly organist of Trinity Church, New York. She may well have been a favorite pupil of the great violinist, for I heard her several times this past winter, and on the whole, considering her age—nineteen in November, I think—she impressed me as the finest female violinist I have ever heard. No better proof of Joachim's high opinion of her can be given than the fact that he played with her Bach's concerto for two violins and string orchestra at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on March 8.

A characteristic anecdote of Joachim occurs to me. It was all of thirty years ago, when we were younger than now. Eheu! After one of his concerts in the Berlin Singakademie I hastened to him.

"Oh, Joachim, how can you play so?"

"I ordered all Emerson's works to-day," was his reply. This reminds me of something that struck me a week ago. A lady with two grown-up daughters from Helsingfors, in Finland, called to see my Beethoven collection. She said they were going to make the Italian tour, and the one object that she mentioned of being very desirous of seeing in Florence—the grave of Theodore Parker! In her youth she had learned German and fallen in with a volume of his works, which she had to hide and read by stealth. This from a lady of Finland!

Here is the conclusion of one of his last letters, albeit it was written six years ago:

There, my poor head shakes itself and orders me to stop; so I will put on the other page some juvenilia which were told me the other day. God bless you and yours.—*Tribune*.

Mrs. Beebe.—Mrs. Henrietta Beebe has been spending part of the summer in the Adirondacks, and the balance of the time she will be in Saratoga county with friends. She expects to return to New York in September to begin her active professional duties.



HONOLULU.

HONOLULU, July 30, 1897.

THE Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria was observed in Honolulu at St. Andrew's Cathedral June 23 by a magnificent service, the music of which was rendered by a choir of eighty-five voices, under the direction of Mr. Wray Taylor, organist of the Cathedral. No finer chorus singing has been heard in Honolulu. The large building was crowded in every part with a most distinguished congregation, including the President of the Republic and diplomatic representatives of the United States, England, France, Portugal and Japan. The programs were printed in blue and gold.

Mrs. Montagne Turner, who at one time was known as the Hawaiian Nightingale, and who sang in opera in Australia for several years, has left Honolulu and will settle in San Francisco. Her departure will not be much of a loss here, as her voice is gone.

Bandmaster Berger celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary on the 20th inst. No public notice of the event was taken, but President Dole gave Berger a position on his staff, with the rank of captain. Berger doesn't seem to appreciate his new honor.

The new pipe organ for the Hilo Foreign Church was dedicated July 3 with a grand concert, at which there was a crowded audience present. The organ is a fine instrument.

The concert was a great success, many of the numbers being encored. The largo, by Handel, was beautifully played and had to be repeated. The following day the church itself was dedicated, being Sunday, July 4. Following was the program at the organ dedication:

Organ solo—	
Inauguration March.....	Clark
Pastorale.....	Wely
Wray Taylor.....	
Anthem, The Radiant Morn.....	Woodward
Choir.....	
Soprano solo, Ave Maria.....	Gounod-Bach
Miss Willis.....	
Organ piano and violin.....	
Messrs. Taylor, Wakefield and Marx.....	
Organ solo—	
Intermezzo.....	Mascagni
Gavot, Summer School.....	Wray Taylor
Wray Taylor.....	
Te Deum in F.....	Kotzschmar
Choir.....	
Organ solo, Concert Fantasia.....	Arranged
Wray Taylor.....	
Largo for violin, piano and organ.....	Handel
Messrs. Marx, Wakefield and Taylor.....	
Anthem, Ye Shall Dwell in the Land.....	Stainer
Choir.....	
Organ solo—	
Aloha Oe.....	
Scottish Air.....	
Wray Taylor.....	
Soprano solo, In Dreams I've Heard the Seraphs.....	Paure
Mrs. E. D. Tenney.....	
With violin obligato by B. L. Marx.....	
Anthem, Sing, O Heavens.....	Hall
Choir.....	
Organ solo, Tannhäuser.....	Wagner
Wray Taylor.....	

There is some talk of our local amateurs presenting the Chimes of Normandy in the near future. HAWAII.

Mr. Carl's Opinion.

9 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, March 5.
The Möller Organ Company:

IT gives me pleasure to indorse your magnificent organ recently built for Converse College, and which I played a recital upon this winter. The tone is superb, and the voicing all that could be desired, while the touch and mechanical arrangements interested me greatly. I congratulate you, and shall always take pleasure in playing your admirable instruments. Very truly,

WILLIAM C. CARL.

Franko in Hamburg.—The Hamburg papers contain elaborate and favorable criticisms of the conducting of the orchestral concerts at the Horticultural Exposition in that city by Nahan Franko. Franko is particularly praised for rhythmic power, interpretation, &c., and the work he did with the compositions of Richard Wagner. There was no opening in America for Franko because he is an American. We are a great people, but we must leave home before we can find out that we are.

Marteau.—Henri Marteau can certainly look forward to a prosperous season. He is at present summering in Norway, preparing his extensive repertory. Beginning in the middle of October, he plays in Switzerland in the following cities: Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux, Geneva, Chaux-de-Fonds, Neuchâtel, St. Gallen, Basle, Zurich, Winterthur and Mülhausen.

After that he will give a series of concerts in France, and a short vacation during the holidays will sail for the United States, where he is expected to arrive about January 3, 1898. After his début in the New York Philharmonic Society concert January 8, he will at once go West and give about twenty-five concerts, not playing in the East until the last part of March and April.

Coudrey at Chautauqua.—Mrs. Marion Coudrey is having big success at Chautauqua. She sang recently to an audience of 6,000 people. The *Herald* of that place printed the following:

Upon the conclusion of Mrs. Stevenson's address Mrs. Marion Coudrey sang with fine taste and expression Dost Thou Know That Fair Land. Then Dr. H. R. Palmer was presented.

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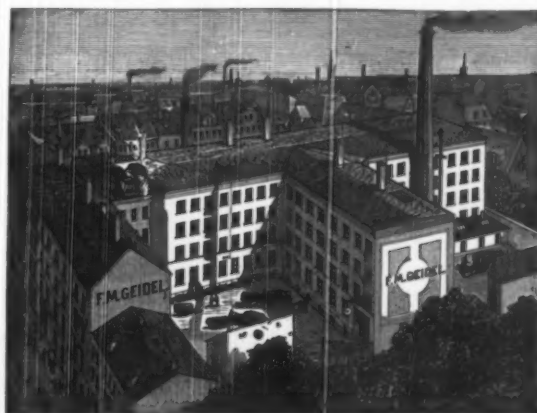
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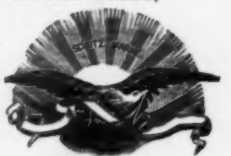
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